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Events of the Week.

THE yeasty brew which is the Coalition had a rather rapid fermentation in Wednesday's debate on the Die-Hard Vote of Censure. The motion was defeated (by 288 to 95), for it was not to be expected that the Chamber of 1918 would either vote itself out, or regard a charge of want of principle as a stigma. The Die-Hards made no great fight of it. They are Conservatives, and Conservatism is an inexpressive, even an unstateable, creed; it merely knows a non-Conservative when it sees him. Mr. George is a kind of Radical Nationalist; and he has a constitutional contempt for Conservatism, which he no longer attempts to restrain, and he chafes at being held by it to his bond of three long years ago. Even so the Coalition might go on save for the fact that it is a universal failure, and that the country rages at its very name. In the course of the debate Captain Elliot blurted out a useful truth about its character, which may stand as its historic epitaph. "We are," he said, "for good or ill, the capitalist party."

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THE long awaited debate on the vote of confidence in Genoa and himself which Mr. Lloyd George proposed on Monday turned out to be uneventful and even dull. Mr. George himself spoke quietly, without passion, and also without a flicker of prophetic fire. Perhaps the most significant parts of the debate were the cold speeches of Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Bonar Law saw no reason why the motion should have been put down, but, of course, he would vote for it. He did not share Mr. George's hopes of Genoa, but he was not so arrogant as to assume that Mr. George was wrong and that he himself was right. As for our trade, he believed it would soon be normal, but he looked to the Empire for its recovery, and not to the Continent. Nothing, he plainly said, was to be gained by trading with Russia. Mr. Chamberlain was a little more discreet, but not much kinder. He did not think the Genoa Conference "altogether useless." It might mean a step forward on a hard and difficult path.

MR. GEORGE himself, after some rather spiritless polemics, dismissed the objections to Genoa on the ground that it could not deal with the Treaties or with reparations. Assuming, as he chose to do, that the indemnity means reparations to France (it is in fact only to the extent of one-third restoration: the rest is pensions), he invited anyone to say that Germany ought not to repair the damage she had done. On the main theme of restoring the shattered economic fabric of Europe, he was excellent. Our international trade, as he pointed out, had fallen last year to 50 per cent. of what it was before the war. Nor is it possible to recoup ourselves in our Empire. India, for example, is suffering because she no longer sells her 60,000,000 lb. of tea to Russia. Then currency has "gone adrift." A Conference might help there, especially by pressing Finance Ministers to balance their budgets. (How helpful the pressure of the Reparations Commission is in that way!) But, above all, there must be peace.

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TURNING now to the Russian problem, he gave some striking quotations from Pitt, on the wisdom of making peace even with a Government one detests, be its principles good or bad. So long as rumor is for ever depicting danger from Russia—"hordes of savage revolutionaries" ready to be flung upon Europe—so long will it be impossible to restore commerce. Moreover, the Red Army affords an excuse for "huge armies in other countries." One must begin by making peace. Russia, he reminded us, used to supply a quarter of the world's exportable wheat. But Russia must have capital. She cannot get it without security, confidence, and peace. He then laid down the conditions—recognition of the debt, restoration of confiscated foreign property, creation of impartial tribunals. Then Russia and her neighbors must join in a mutual pact against aggression. Will Russia accept these terms? Lenin seems to admit the defeat of the Communist system. Then came the lame conclusion. The Soviet Government must be recognized. Confidence, credit, and trade could not return until a "footing of equality" was reached. But this must come by stages. "Full diplomatic representation" could not be offered yet. Russia must be content for a time with a *charge d'affaires* until by a period of probation of uncertain length she proved her reliability. With this surrender to the Tories he closed, adding only a warning to them and to the French that the world is moving away from them and to the Left.

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THE debate on the Genoa Conference in the French Chamber preceded that in our own Commons. M. Poincaré, as usual, appeared as the firm, unbending spirit who denies. He emphasized nothing save the French veto upon all the larger issues that might naturally arise. France, as he put it, has erected a sign-board with the word *Verboten*. It blocks the way to any discussion of the treaties or of the indemnity. That,

of course, was already the position at Cannes. Has M. Poincaré, since Cannes, added a veto upon any consideration of disarmament? We believe so. That is said to be what was meant by the clause adopted at Boulogne, which safeguarded the rights of the League of Nations. To delay disarmament is one of the most cherished of these rights. This again seems to be implicit in M. Poincaré's repeated and emphatic demand that the Conference must be solely financial and economic and not political. With surprising agility, after all these negations, M. Poincaré worked up to a passage in which he actually expressed the hope that the Conference may do useful work. Probably this was not conscious irony.

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THE Irish Bill has now passed through all its stages and reached the Statute Book. Its passage was made easier by an agreement which resulted from the London Conference of last week. This agreement, signed by Ministers of the Provisional Government, the Six Counties Government, and the British Government, made formal peace, and declared that the two Irish Governments would co-operate to restore order. For this purpose the Belfast Special Police in mixed districts are to be composed half of Catholics, half of Protestants; a Catholic Advisory Committee is to help in the recruiting of Catholics, and any search for arms is to be carried out by police forces composed half of Catholics and half of Protestants. A Joint Committee of Catholics and Protestants is to hear complaints of outrage and intimidation. I.R.A. activity is to cease in the Six Counties. The British Government is to give £500,000 for relief work in Belfast, and a third of that sum is to be spent for the benefit of Catholics. During the month in which the Six Counties are to decide about their future the signatories are to meet again to ascertain whether means can be devised to secure the unity of Ireland, and whether an agreement can be reached, if the Counties stand out, on the Boundary question. This is the most hopeful thing that has happened. The agreement has not been followed yet by any cessation of outrages, but it provides machinery from which some results may be expected later.

* * *

APART from this, the Irish situation becomes steadily worse. The I.R.A. mutineers grow more daring. Mr. Collins was to have spoken at Castlebar on Sunday, but his opponents tore up two sets of railway lines and managed with revolvers to prevent him from speaking. The kidnapping of Irishmen and the suppression of courts by these banditti increase. In Mid-Clare placards have been posted forbidding people to recruit for the Free State Army, and on Monday Mr. Churchill gave the House of Commons particulars of the seizure of a British armed tug, conveying rifles, revolvers, machine guns, and naval stores, which will no doubt be used against the Free State. The circumstances under which this act of piracy was possible demand investigation, and the Admiralty is inquiring into them. Meanwhile, the Standing Committee of Sinn Fein, of which Mr. de Valera is a member, has passed a resolution in favor of Free Speech. Mr. Collins has asked Mr. de Valera, if he cannot co-operate, at least to live and let live. But that is apparently the last thing that the opponents of the Treaty desire.

It is natural for the British Government to give its war Allies notice of the approaching expiration of the three years' agreement to suspend the payment of interest on their war debts to this country. The notice may be called formal; but it is a little more than that. We are paying interest on what we owe to the United States. France and Italy have not made the slightest effort to pay interest on what they owe to us. Let us differentiate. Since the war Italy has maintained a correct and friendly attitude to England. France, on the other hand, in whose interest the Western war was largely made, and who was saved from utter ruin by our intervention in it, has pursued since the war an almost undeviating attitude of intrigue and hostility. Her statesmen oppose our policies; her Press vilifies our motives and attacks our public men; her agents, in every country and continent, maintain an anti-British propaganda; and her marked development of the aeroplane and submarine, coupled with her refusal to disarm, have an anti-British thrust, if not an anti-British intention. Yet while she obtains these armaments and maintains this policy, she enters the British market for loans she cannot negotiate at home, and treats the money she owes us as if the obligation did not exist. Why, then, should not the present French Government pay interest? If it cannot do so, French armaments are a fraud on their people and ours. And if it will not, that is an added proof of its unfriendliness and ingratitude.

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THE break away in the Engineering dispute is another symptom of a weakness that has been painfully apparent in the industrial struggles of the last two years. It is not an easy thing for trade union leaders to hold their own in diplomacy when trade is on the decline. There are times when all they can hope for is to break the workmen's fall. But this collapse and its predecessors illustrate a weakness that is not a mere weakness of diplomatic tactics. The different trade unions involved in a common struggle must learn to make mutual accommodations if they are to keep together, and if they cannot keep together the game is in the employers' hands. Such a failure encourages all the worst elements and worst methods on the other side. A trade union must satisfy its allies if it is to satisfy the public. This want of elementary loyalty must paralyze all trade union action.

* * *

MEANWHILE, the Amalgamated Engineering Union has been left isolated and badly weakened. The split between it and the other Unions in the industry arose when Mr. Henderson and his fellow mediators got from Sir Allan Smith a revised form of the memorandum which provided, as a basis of discussion, that the employers and the negotiating committee of the Unions should "endeavor to adjust mutually their ideas as to the manner in which the principle of management and the functions of Trade Unions will be applied to the actual circumstances of the cases to be discussed." The A.E.U. leaders, who desire agreement on a change in the workshop before it is actually made, insisted that this formula was no better than the old one. The other Unions held that it left them free to press for reasonable safeguards. At this stage the Prime Minister intervened on Tuesday, the expedient of separate negotiation and withdrawal of the notices to extend the lock-out was tacitly adopted, and the Union split followed inevitably.

On Wednesday the notices were formally suspended, and the opening of the formal negotiations was fixed for Monday next.

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THE visit of M. Skirmunt, the Polish Foreign Minister, to London, after the recent British loan of £4,000,000, means, no doubt, an improvement in our somewhat cold relations with that too enterprising country. In some respects the outlook in Poland has improved of late. Her finance is a little less romantic and impressionistic. Her relations with her Russian neighbor are improving almost to the point of being good. The Polish industrialists are now doing an appreciable trade with Russia, and desire to cultivate that market. On the other hand, Poland retains Vilna, which she grabbed in defiance alike of the Supreme Council and of the League of Nations. M. Skirmunt also boldly announces that Eastern Galicia must be considered an integral part of Poland. In both these regions a Polish minority is ruling over a sharply repressed majority, of Lithuanians in the former and Ukrainians in the latter, with a large Jewish element in both. The accounts which reach us from the Ukrainian element in Galicia speak of an unbroken round of oppression by the Polish landed class of the "Little Russian" (Ruthenian) peasantry. We cannot believe that a Poland so swollen by the inclusion of alien populations can be stable, and while we can only wish well to a Polish Republic confined to its proper ethnographic limits, we earnestly trust that no "pact" will at Genoa confirm the Eastern frontier, which rests on nothing but violence.

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A DISQUIETING and mysterious official statement from Tokio seems to indicate that, in spite of the Washington Conference, Japan is about to concentrate her imperialist ambitions upon China. The cordon of defence, we are told, has been narrowed, but since the ending of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance now compels Japan to meet future crises single-handed, "connections with the neighboring regions" must be extended, so as to "ensure supplies," and in the event of war "bring about a drawn battle." This statement presents a puzzle to the commentator. Is the Four-Pact Treaty useless then, since Japan supposes herself to be in some new danger? And why the modesty of aspiring only to a drawn battle? Perhaps the clue to this decision is found in the otherwise most welcome news that Japan has (once again) announced the approaching withdrawal of her troops from Eastern Siberia. The evacuation, it is said, will begin in May. Is it perhaps by way of compensating herself for the surrender of her hopes in Siberia (where the Reds have been winning successes over the Whites, in spite of Japanese opposition) that Japan proposes to develop her future war-time sources of supply in China? It is good and surprising news (if, indeed, it is not too good to be true) that Siberia should be freed, but the threat of further exploitation in China is ominous. One cannot carry speculation much further, but it seems likely that some of the more doubtful of the nebulous resolutions of Washington regarding China may soon be tested. The most innocent interpretation of this decision would be that it applies mainly to Korea and Manchuria, which are already swallowed.

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IT should interest the numerous but unimportant fellows who, in a national emergency, are called to save the country to note that their elected representatives

in the House of Commons decided last Wednesday that "crucifixion" (Field Punishment No. 1) is a wholesome corrective for lower or common men, and must be retained as a disciplinary measure for them when they become heroes. Generals who misbehave themselves are never tied to posts and exposed to open ignominy. It could be argued, by some quite common people, that such a statutory threat hanging over officers might indeed have saved the country many lives and much trouble. It is reported that several distinguished Field-Marshals, who took part in the war, approve of the finding of a committee which reported in favor of "crucifixion." In order to allay any further anxiety that may linger as to the reality of a "class war," those great soldiers might now tell us why the degradation of "crucifixion" is not suitable for delinquent officers, in the cause of good discipline. Doubtless it will occur to many men who fought in the ranks through the war that only sheer incompetency of generalship finds the barbarism of "crucifixion" necessary. The Australians declined in France to submit to the ignominy of this disgusting punishment—and they would have mutinied had it been enforced. Has Earl Haig any opinion of them as soldiers?

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WE see that Sir Alfred Mond explains that his suggestion to young married couples of the happiness to be got from living in a single room, or from the Eastern system of living with their parents in two, was a joke. We agree. It is a joke to see the Prime Minister's earlier witticism of "homes for heroes" appearing in his colleague's cordial invitation to those who took it seriously to be happy, though married, in a kennel. It is better to joke with such a thing than to cant about it, as the illustrious author of the jest is inclined to do. But Sir Alfred, like all jokers of the Neronic type, should be careful. He is reported as a man of many mansions and the proud possessor of the best-advertised bath-room in England. And the "slums" have been known (in moments of irritation) to retort a little roughly on the humors of the abundantly housed and fed.

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THE last of the Hapsburgs was one of the most sympathetic, though hardly one of the most capable, members of his race. The ex-Emperor Karl did not long survive his exile to Madeira, and the discredit of his pitiable adventure in Hungary may have hastened his end. But even that escapade showed the strangely mingled fineness and weakness of the man. It might have had some success, for a time at least, if he would have allowed his partisans to fight. But a pretender who will not shed blood is not the man to recover a throne. History will record of him, chiefly, that throughout his short and troubled reign he labored incessantly for peace, and poor though his political judgment may have been, he had the insight to choose Ministers so relatively pacific and liberal as Count Czernin, while towards the end he drew much of his inspiration from that noble Catholic pacifist, Professor Lammasch. He loathed the cruelty of war; he detested Prussian militarism; and he sincerely wished to reconcile the Slavs. He failed, as a much bigger man might have failed, because the blind forces against him were too strong, but it must also be said that he was a weak man, easily led, amateurish, and ill-educated. Yet in easier times he might have been a popular and liberal King-Emperor. It used to be thought that only the long life of the old Francis Joseph saved the Dual Monarchy for so long. In retrospect one sees that it was his longevity which destroyed it.

Politics and Affairs.

NO CONFIDENCE.

A STUDENT of politics who regards the Prime Minister's speech of Monday last primarily as an event in British politics may very well conclude that nothing whatever is altered by it. Mr. Lloyd George has come back, and he has come back as he went, a tired and isolated man. One does not gather that he found any fresh inspiration in either the mountains or the chapels of Wales. There was no such torrential eloquence, no such ardor in attack, no such sweep of vision, as might have compelled even the politicians to bow for a moment to an irresistible personal force. Much of the speech was excellent. Its substantial middle sections, in which he described the condition of Europe and its effect upon our own trade, were well reasoned and well illustrated. His experts had evidently given him the necessary figures, and he made a telling use of them. This part of the speech would make a capital leaflet for Labor or for Liberalism in the next General Election, for it was by implication a damning indictment of the whole husbandry of the victors since 1918. The opening paragraphs, which tilted weakly against the Left, and the conclusion, which hinted a timid retort to the Right, were very much less effective. The speeches of Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Chamberlain revealed the Premier's failure to lead or convince the party which supplies the bulk of his majority. They froze the Conference to death in their cold embraces. They had seen to it that it should do no harm from their point of view, and it might possibly do a very little good—at any rate, the Prime Minister thought so, and events might conceivably prove him in the right. That might serve as a faithful summary of their speeches.

If one takes a wider view, one's judgment on the speech and its author must be far less favorable. In all that related to German affairs, it seems to us, Mr. Lloyd George blundered grievously. He has been defeated by the French insistence on excluding the Treaties, reparations, and disarmament from the scope of the Conference. There were two ways of taking that defeat. The easy and shortsighted way was that which Mr. George took. He made a perfunctory polemical answer to the Opposition at home, which argued that these omissions render the Conference futile. The other course would have been to express his own frank regret at these omissions, while arguing that there still remains useful work for the Conference to do. He will be debarred from pointing out at Genoa how much of the present ruin of Europe is due to the German indemnity. But the French could not veto or rule out of order anything which he might have chosen to say on that subject in his own Parliament. He lost that chance of talking frankly to the French and British Die-Hards, and he has created future embarrassments for himself by his unqualified defence of the Treaties and the indemnity.

Now it is all very well to point to the devastation which has got to be repaired. No one disputes the fact or the duty, either here or in Germany. But it is merely darkening counsel to pretend that the indemnity and reparations mean the same thing. The claim for the restoration of devastated France, even in its unchecked and swollen form, amounts at the outside to one-third of the indemnity. It is not honest to allow the uninformed British public to suppose that all the machinery of ultimata and sanctions, and the notes of the Reparations Commission, are required to extort from Germany her due amends for the damage done to Northern France. Had the Allies been content to demand this alone, and to accept it mainly or wholly in

kind, there need have been no ultimata, no sanctions, no crises. The German mark would probably stand to-day not much below the French franc, and the German budget would balance. Almost the whole mischief is due to the fact that the Allies dishonestly included in the indemnity the demand for the reimbursement of their war-costs for pensions and dependants' allowances. That was a violation of the Armistice terms, and a flagrant departure from the Fourteen Points. We have dealt so often with this theme that it is unnecessary to repeat the arguments which Mr. Keynes, Mr. Baruch, Signor Nitti, and Professor Zimmern have used in succession. This trick, imposed by the threat of starvation and blockade on a beaten foe, has been the economic sin which explains much, if not most, of the sufferings of these three years. Whenever Mr. George allows himself, for the sake of answering the Left at home, to defend the indemnity without qualification, he postpones the only amendment which can do anything of substance for Central Europe. Moreover, he destroys his own standing on the Continent. At moments the Germans and even the Russians look to him in despair as their one hope. But these manœuvres serve to teach them that he is an impotent and embarrassed savior, and that Poincaré, their destroyer, is the stronger man.

One gathers from this speech that Mr. George hopes quite seriously to do something at Genoa to stabilize the European exchanges. He stated the problem very well, in his own inimitably picturesque way. With marks and kronen falling at the present rate, a housewife has to think twice whether she shall make her purchases in the morning or the afternoon. A worker's family which tries to save money for a pair of boots, may discover that its little hoard loses half its value every week, while the coveted boots in the shop window double their price. The Finance Minister who assesses incomes with the mark at a penny, and collects taxes a few months later with the mark at a farthing, has the same experience. But if Mr. George fails to realize, what his experts surely understand, that in the case of Germany this phenomenon of the sinking mark is due almost entirely to the indemnity, he will achieve nothing useful at Genoa. We happened to be in Berlin in the spring of 1919, when the first draft of the Versailles Treaty was published. You could feel the mark sinking. All business stood still for several days. No reputable bank would change a note. All Germany was engaged in "writing down" its fluid wealth, as a merchant in a slump writes down his depreciated stock. That was the first catastrophic fall of the mark. The next followed the first attempt to meet the demands of the London Ultimatum for gold payments. The last occurred only the other day as a sequel to the latest Note of the Reparations Commission. Every excessive demand on Germany, especially for gold, whether prospective or immediate, involves the fall of the mark, for the good reason that it will involve the printing of more paper money. We do not say that this is or has been the only cause of the devaluation of the mark. But from the spring of 1919 onwards it has been the only considerable cause. Genoa can do nothing fundamental for currency, since it must leave the indemnity unmodified.

On the subject of Russia Mr. George, we regret to say, confirmed our pessimistic forecast of last week. He has yielded to Mr. Churchill and the other Tories of his Cabinet on the question of recognition. We gather that some advance is possible here at Genoa. Some sort of partial recognition may be conceded, if Russia duly accepts all the terms of the Allies in the matter of the Tsarist debt and the guarantees for trade. But full

diplomatic recognition will still be withheld, and this will follow only, as Mr. Benes proposed, after a period of probation of uncertain length. We do not doubt that Russia will be theoretically able to trade during this term of probation. She can do so at present with this country. But she will still be unable, we take it, to borrow. The point involved is a very simple one. An unrecognized Government cannot borrow, because its successor would not be liable for its debts. If the Allied Governments pointedly withhold their confidence from Moscow, the City will follow their example. If Downing Street "waits to see" before it receives an ambassador from Moscow, Threadneedle Street will wait as long, if not longer. A loan to Russia, like the recent loans to Poland, Austria, and Greece, could be effected only with the full goodwill, perhaps only with the guarantee, of our own Government, if not of all the Allies. It will be useless to talk of it so long as Mr. George himself is obliged to urge caution rather than confidence.

In our own view the restoration of Russia can begin only with a considerable loan. What Russia needs, as Mr. George himself said, is capital—real capital, the means of production, everything from locomotives, mining machinery, and ploughs down to scythes and saws, which she ought to have imported during the seven years of war and blockade. Until she has these tools, she cannot begin to produce: until she produces she cannot export; until she exports she cannot import. The process can be restarted only by a credit operation, and this requires recognition. We are ourselves so anxious to see Russia restored, as much for our sake as hers, that no personal and party prejudice would tempt us to overstate the objections to Mr. George's present course. They are, we fear, even graver than we have yet indicated. The least of them is delay. The period which Mr. Bonar Law estimated as a matter of two years before Russia can begin to produce, will be prolonged to three years at least.

That in itself is serious, for the present pace of ruin, rust, and dilapidation in Russia is now much more rapid than any compensating effort of repair which Russia can make unaided. But worse than this, there is the famine on the Volga. It may extend into a second year—that is, we believe, the expectation, or at least the fear, of the British relief workers on the spot. But at the best, even if food can be provided next year for the remnant of the population, where and how will they obtain horses and cattle to replace the beasts which have perished? Even now, with the exception of a few camels, there is scarcely a domestic animal left alive in the whole of this immense area. If Russia cannot borrow, she can no more next year cope with the famine than she has managed to cope with it this year. Finally, we gravely fear that if the Conference ends without full recognition, its postponement will be regarded by all the militarists of Eastern Europe, not to mention those of Paris, as a plain hint to set on. "You have now one more year in which to accomplish your purpose. Russia is still an outlaw. Next year, when Lenin's Ambassador is formally received at the Court of St. James's, it will be too late." We imagine that Wrangel, Savinkoff, and Petliura, not to mention M. Nougens and his friends, are quite capable of drawing the inference. In these conditions one does not like to predict what Moscow itself will do. If it might hope for a loan, it would accept onerous terms and hard conditions. If it can hope for nothing, not even technical recognition, why should it bend its neck to terms which may shake its

prestige at home? Mr. George is going to Genoa primarily to wrestle with the wreckers of France for the salvation of Europe. Even before he can start, his Tories have tied his hands behind his back. It is a hopeless duel.

THE BLACK-AND-TAN REPUBLIC.

DURING the English Terror there was one method of appealing to the English conscience and imagination which never failed altogether of effect: "How does this look to the world?" For though the English are, in one sense, a very insular people, they are compelled by their circumstances to pay some regard to the esteem in which they are held by their neighbors. In the Terror which threatens to-day to reduce Ireland to a permanent chaos, this appeal has less force, for though the Irish race is scattered over the world, and though men of Irish blood have become leaders in politics, war, and culture in different countries, it is the essence of the Sinn Fein teaching that Ireland can and should live to herself and by her own standards. There was some reason for this spirit as a protest against a process that seemed to be submerging Ireland's identity. But to-day, when Ireland has definitely escaped that danger, this spirit is a reactionary influence. For, thanks to its hold, there are thousands of Irishmen who are quite unconcerned with the world's verdict; who do not care a rap whether their conduct seems to justify at last the charge often brought against Irishmen that they are so devoid of the instinct of national unity or of the elements of political skill that they are in fact incapable of self-government in any true or significant sense. They are thus blind to a truth which ought to have been clear to anybody of political experience from the moment the Irish Treaty was signed. From that time Ireland's danger was not foreign oppression, but internal anarchy. When a nation has been engaged in a guerilla campaign, when a foreign army of occupation has accustomed people to all the hateful standards that are set by a base war, when the methods of the struggle have been savage on both sides, there is left a tradition of lawlessness of which any unscrupulous leader may make a terrible use. And the man who does make use of that tradition can very soon make government impossible.

It is this capital crime that must be laid to the charge of Mr. de Valera and his party. The fundamental difference between Mr. de Valera and Mr. Collins is slight and unsubstantial. This is made clear by Mr. Douglas's article in the "Daily News" of Monday. Mr. de Valera proposed to put into the Treaty an article declaring that authority for the government of Ireland was derived from the people of Ireland. There were obvious objections to this course from the Irish point of view, for to introduce such a declaration into a Treaty implied that a foreign Government had some right in respect of this article. The proper place for such a declaration is in the Irish Constitution, and Mr. Douglas shows beyond dispute that such a declaration is in harmony with the Treaty. No Englishman would pretend that the authority for the government of Canada is derived from the people of England rather than from the people of Canada. Under the Treaty Ireland can draw up a Constitution which makes her mistress of her own house; Mr. de Valera's Document No. 2 would not make her more secure. In the opinion of some Republican Irishmen it would make her less. But when the spirit of faction has reached a certain temperature, than over large issues. Guelph and Ghibelline mobs would

riot all day in an Italian town because the head of Christ in the crucifix over the altar was turned to one shoulder rather than the other. The idea that a single life should be sacrificed for the difference between Document No. 2 and the Treaty would be ludicrous to any man of calm and wide judgment. But there lurk below the surface of Irish life and Irish history memories, passions, instincts, which confuse the mind more rapidly than ambition or avarice, and an Irish leader who likes to play on them can soon excite a spirit in which means and ends are inextricably confounded.

Mr. de Valera has seemed at times to be half-conscious of this danger. It was understood, when he and Mr. Griffith came to an agreement that the election should be postponed, that this agreement implied an obligation on the part of the enemies of the Treaty to abstain from violence. What has happened since? When the Treaty party hold meetings, the opponents derail trains, hold up engine-drivers and signalmen, fire revolvers, and behave generally as if their quarrel was not with their countrymen but with a foreign army. The suppression of newspapers is carried as far as it was carried by the Black-and-Tans. Reporters are kidnapped and court-martialled; the printing offices of the "Freeman's Journal" are destroyed. Mutiny is fomented in the army, and the soldiers of the Free State are fired on in the Dublin streets. Where is Mr. de Valera in all this? Either he approves or he is so utterly wanting in moral courage that he is prepared to let the Irish people degenerate into a kind of tribal barbarism for fear of what he may suffer if he speaks his mind. But if he is represented by the wild and provocative language of the "Republic of Ireland," we can only assume that this is what he wants. The name of Mr. Childers appears on this paper as its editor, and this Englishman seems determined to bewilder Irish politics as the Irishman Feargus O'Connor bewildered English politics eighty years ago. Mr. Childers wrote an excellent pamphlet on the "Military Rule in Ireland" two years ago; and he is taking good care that he shall have ample material for a sequel in which he can describe, with complete knowledge, how the militarist Republicans matched and exceeded the violence of the militarist Imperialists. This deplorable spectacle, intelligible enough to those who know Irish history and the treatment Ireland has received, will soon make the world forget what the Irish people achieved under oppression by the very virtues of which they now seem to have lost the secret. But intimidation is not, we believe, a paramount power in Irish hands any more than it was in English hands. We cannot think that the great mass of the Irish nation will allow a few fanatics to make

Ireland subject to these wild and barbarous forces in the name of a mystical symbol, and to deprive her for ever of the self-government that European peoples desire. Time is on the side of Mr. Griffith and Mr. Collins. But the danger is that as every day makes Irish problems more difficult, Ireland, when she shakes herself free of this militarism, will be in a pretty desperate plight.

A great deal will turn, of course, on the success of the latest agreement with the Government of the Six Counties. The figures given by Mr. Churchill on Tuesday in the House of Commons reveal the extent of the Belfast scandal. Between February 10th and March 23rd 51 Catholics and 32 Protestants were killed, 115 Catholics and 86 Protestants wounded. Irish problems have a disconcerting unity: they hang together. The disorder in the Six Counties helps Mr. de Valera; the disorder in the South helps the enemies of peace in the Six Counties. Sir James Craig has been criminally weak in the past, but there are signs that the more responsible elements in the North will rally to a serious attempt to rescue Belfast from these uncivilized conditions. Can the men of goodwill in Ireland co-operate to put an end to terrorism? Those public men who are not yet convinced that this is Ireland's immediate need are unfit for the politics of self-respecting peoples; they may be sincere in their attachment to a phrase or a formula, but they are a source of moral poison in a crisis in which a man must be capable of larger and less personal views if he is to serve his country. The mutiny in the I.R.A. is the most sinister thing that has happened since the Treaty was signed, and when the leader of that mutiny gave his views to the Press, he had at his side a follower of Mr. de Valera who had actually put his name to the Treaty. The ungoverned emotionalism of these leaders, whose pitiless egotism sees their own lives and the life of Ireland as a kind of high tragedy, is releasing wicked and lawless forces and using for its own purpose weapons that it will be quite unable to control. Brigandage survived in Italy after she had secured her unity for the same political reasons. But Ireland's case is more difficult. The forces of disorder have more powerful leaders, and the habits and spirit of free discussion have been discouraged by the necessities of the last few years. It is one thing to get rid of England; it is another thing to become a free people. Mr. Griffith and Mr. Collins, who want to see Ireland a self-governing nation, have the majority of Irishmen on their side, but if we are to judge by the recent conduct of the I.R.A. mutineers and the recent language of Mr. Childers's paper, they must be prepared for every kind of opposition from the minority who want to set up a Black-and-Tan Republic.

THE RISE OF THE LITTLE ENTENTE

By DOROTHY THOMPSON.

II.

HUNGARY is the one country blocking the forward movement of the policies of Messrs. Benes and Pasitch. She is economically indispensable to a strong Central South-East European alliance; next to Jugo-Slavia she is the strongest military Power in this part of the world, and she lies in the highroad of communication between the capitals of the allied nations. And Hungary has disputes with the whole Little Entente, individually and collectively. She has quarrelled with Czecho-Slovakia over Slovakia and Ruthenia; with Jugo-Slavia over Pecs;

with Roumania over Transylvania and the oppression of Magyar minorities; with Austria over the Burgenland.

The case of Hungary in all these quarrels has been greatly prejudiced by her own Government. The Horthy Government's terrorizing of Jews and of the whole liberal opposition has driven Magyars to Vienna to work with Jugo-Slavs and Czechs for the overthrow of the present régime. The Horthy Government's policy of safeguarding freebooters and murderers, if they but freebooted and murdered in the interests of a "Christian

and United" Hungary—its complete inability to realize that the world tendency is away from feudalism and autocracy—has exasperated everyone, and completely estranged democratic and liberal sympathies in all countries. Unfortunately, to believe that Hungary has a reactionary Government appears to connote, in the popular mind outside Hungary, that Hungary has no case; that she is a black spot in the midst of liberal and fine-spirited neighbors, and that the sooner she is brought to terms the better.

Now, as a matter of fact, the real Hungary is not reactionary, and she has a strong case in her quarrels with every one of her neighbors. There is every indication that the peasant masses of Hungary are fundamentally democratic, freedom-loving, anti-Habsburg if not anti-Royalist, and liberal. The spirit of Louis Kossuth and of Petöfi—yes, and the spirit of Michael Karolyi—is by no means dead in Hungary. Even under the most vicious military dictatorship; under a terror which has thrown into prison such mild protesters as the journalist Zoltan Szass, who might have hoped to win immunity from the fact that he was the first man in Hungary to speak out openly against the Red Terror during Hungary's period of Communism; under a censorship which has completely isolated the country from Western Liberal thought (the latest edict of the Commissioner of Education has been the suppression of the translated works of Walt Whitman!); under all this oppression, a sturdy opposition has maintained itself, has waxed stronger and stronger, and in the recent by-elections asserted itself in a startling manner, returning anti-Government candidates in every case. Hungary is a nation under a cloud, a nation which has suffered partition, two revolutions—one a very cruel and devastating one—occupation by the Roumanians, and a fearful reaction, for which the Allied representatives in Budapest are themselves partly to blame. And a nation which has been grievously wronged by the Peace Treaty.

This is an inescapable fact, and the reactionism of the Horthy régime does not change it. A great, rich country, full of pride, and with a virile national consciousness, has been robbed of an outlet to the sea. Magyar populations have been handed over to the abuse of other Powers. Particularly in Roumania has the treatment of Magyar minorities been shameful. In certain ways the last year has seen an improvement of conditions in Transylvania, but even now Roumanian elections are being held, and obviously the plan is to quell all minority opposition, for all Magyars are disfranchised by a nation-wide disqualification plot, and even the members of the Roumanian Nationalist Party have been deprived of votes. There is not an element in Hungary, be it reactionary, democratic, or radical, which is willing to accept as permanent the present territorial provisions of the Treaty of Trianon.

Now, the Little Entente is determined that she shall accept the provisions of the Treaty. The Little Entente is determined that Hungary shall not sabotage the effectiveness of the whole Central South-East Europe Alliance. The Little Entente, it is increasingly evident, is willing to employ force if need be to bring Hungary into the circle of its influence. And tragically enough, the Horthy Government is constantly furnishing the Little Entente with an excuse for armed intervention. The offences of the Horthy Government smell to heaven; if the Little Entente intervene it will be quite easy for them to pose as liberators and democratizers. But the fact remains that they will intervene not to liberalize Hungary but to enforce the Treaty of Trianon, and the Treaty of Trianon cannot be enforced as it now stands

without the subjection, not alone of the Horthy Government, but of the Hungarian people themselves.

The situation is just about as bad as it can be. The Horthy Government, perturbed by the rising Liberal opposition inside Hungary, is making desperate efforts to maintain itself in power, and by these very efforts is inciting Hungary's neighbors to attack her. The people of Hungary are kept under the heel of the Horthy Government, as far as they are voluntarily kept, by fear of the Little Entente. It is a somewhat similar situation, in externals, to that which prevailed in Russia until recently. The Soviet Government's policy led outside nations to attack Russia, and the attacks reinforced Russian support of the policy.

The Horthy Government is not, of course, openly playing for war. Obviously, for Hungary to stand out against a cordon of surrounding hostile States, whose economic interests are irrevocably tied up with hers, however divergent political interests may be, and whose combined military strength vastly exceeds hers, is plainly suicidal. The Hungarian authorities would not attempt it for a moment. They showed no mind to attempt it at the time of the Karl Putsch in the autumn, and the most recent utterances of Prime Minister Bethlen regarding neighboring Powers have been conciliatory.

But the Hungarian authorities are reaping the whirlwind which they have sown. They cannot encourage "obstreperous elements" in one moment and hold them in leash the next. It is the nature of obstreperous elements to be obstreperous. "The Awakening Hungarians," that organization of Magyar *fascisti*, was very friendly with the Horthy Government in September, when Hungary intervened in the Burgenland and the Government could count on Italian protection, and previously when it pogromed the Jews and murdered Communist suspects, performing disagreeable tasks which fitted in with the Government's plans, but relieving the Government of all responsibility. Now, however, when the situation with the surrounding States is increasingly delicate and dangerous, the "Awakening Hungarians" may become a serious embarrassment. At this moment they are strongly organized all along the Austrian frontier, and are stirring up the peasants to revolt against Austrian rule and terrorizing the Austrian *gendarmerie*, and, it is said, contemplate a Putsch within the next few weeks to regain the whole territory lost last autumn. Should such a Putsch occur, there is little doubt that the Little Entente would simply march in and occupy Hungary. Peace would follow—for a time—but a peace based upon bitterness, whose seed would be hatred and recurrent war.

The Burgenland situation presents the gravest immediate dangers, and in the near future the Hungarian elections for a new National Assembly promise to precipitate further trouble, advantageous to the plans of the interventionists. The Horthy Government, mad to perpetuate itself in power, has passed a new electoral edict abolishing the secret, equal, and universal suffrage by which the outgoing National Assembly was elected, and establishing in its place a most reactionary suffrage; a franchise more limited and more corruptible even than the pre-war franchise programme of Count Tisza. The vote is limited; a high, and indeed untestable educational qualification is demanded; and in all the provinces outside the great cities the secret ballot is abolished. Plainly the Government intends to terrorize the opposition. Either it will employ the "obstreperous forces" toward that end, or it will be unable to prevent the "obstreperous forces" from employing themselves. Already they hint at their

powers in posters and placards all over Budapest. And nothing could be more disastrous to Hungary now, in the light of the attitude of the neighboring Powers, than civil strife, for this also would be an excuse for armed intervention.

One man, in the constellation of these States, possesses very great power by the very nature of his capacities: Mr. Benes. If Mr. Benes uses his opportunities and gifts in the interest of a real conciliation between the Succession States; if he is consummately clever in handling Hungary, working with the Liberal and Democratic forces there, such as the Left Wing of the peasants, and exercising patience; above all, if he can convey to Hungarian public opinion that the Little Entente is not an enemy of Hungary; if he will concede that the Little Entente might be willing to negotiate mooted treaty questions with a democratic Hungary, he may perform a signal service to South-East Central Europe, whose only hope for a return to normality lies in some sort of federation and co-operation. Federation and co-operation are, without doubt, the ultimate ends which Mr. Benes seeks. But the means employed are often far more important than the ends. We have learned in the past that power breeds arrogance, and that an enormous military machine and an unyielding programme are poor instruments for the attainment of democratic and co-operative ends. Hungary is needed in Mr. Benes's complex; better a democratic Hungary, but not a conquered Hungary.

A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

I READ Mr. Lloyd George's speech on Genoa with no exultation in its weakness, and with just as little feeling for its quality of thin dexterity. It is a true enough recitation of the ills that Europe is suffering from. Who made some of those ills and aggravated others, it is for the Prime Minister to say. He might have been their physician. But now that he resorts to the true remedy, France, like the poisoner in "Monte Cristo," is able to supply a weakening drug for every fortification that the dying patient can receive. For more and more M. Poincaré becomes the master of European politics. The news from Paris is bad. The news from Central Eastern Europe, where Paris rules, is worse. The news from America is perhaps the worst of all. Already, I am told, French propaganda (there, as elsewhere, an unceasing agent of anti-British policy) has done much to weaken the *rapprochement* between England and America which Washington set up. Its method is the preaching of the rather audacious gospel that the war was made by England in order to remove her chief trade rival from her path. There can be no retort to such cynicism as this. It is a kind of Byzantine politics, in which Paris is a past-mistress, and whose infection America seems too ignorant of Europe to resist.

THERE is, I think, some misconception in Mr. Sisley Huddleston's story of his interview with Mr. Lloyd George in March, 1919. The meeting was a collective one, in which the Prime Minister informally discussed indemnities in the sense of his memorandum of March 25th, 1919. His remarks, I gather, tended, in the words of that document, towards a "peace settlement, to be drawn up in the spirit of 'impartial arbiters,' forgetful of

the passions of the war." That was a great utterance, if only Mr. George had been mindful of it when the call to "passion" came, and I have never understood that he repudiated it. Nor, in common fairness, do I think that Mr. George should be taxed with what he said in private intercourse, for if so all such meetings between statesmen and journalists would become impossible. I think I am right in saying that these Parisian talks were asked for by the journalists, and I understood from Mr. Huddleston's book that he approved them. French policy made this particular Georgian horse a non-starter, and in place of the "arbitral" peace he desired, there emerged the most vindictive and destructive instrument in modern (almost in ancient and modern) history. But that is another story.

I SALUTE a little type-written sheet, with some burning words of scorn and reprobation on it, which lies on my table. It is all that Black-and-Tan Republicanism has left of the "Freeman's Journal." The editor has my compliments and, I hope, those of every lover of liberty and the Rights of Man that this blood-soaked world has left standing. In the days of the Black-and-Tans (No. 1) I used to receive just such a tale of tyranny, only then it was called the "Irish Bulletin." But the Black-and-Tans (No. 2) appear to be living well up to their ancestry. What Mr. de Valera has done for Southern Ireland, he and his band of disastrous lunatics are now seeking to compass for the North. He protested at Dundalk that there could be no peace, that the Ulster pact offered no safeguards, and that he was determined to make government in the North impossible. What is this, asks the "Freeman," which thus summarizes his speech, but a gamble in the lives of the Northern Catholics?

I READ these words in "The Republic of Ireland":—

"Nothing is clearer than the fact that even if the Irish people is deceived into accepting the Treaty to-day, their tradition will never allow them to remain in subjection, and when they rise again in arms, as all our history teaches us they must rise, the Army of the people would have to face the Irish Free State troops, as they had to face the Royal Irish Constabulary in the past."

The editor of this paper, whose name appears in large type above the leading articles, is, as I imagine thousands of Irishmen reflect with relief, not an Irishman at all, but an Englishman, namely, the ex-English soldier and ex-Imperialist Mr. Erskine Childers. Therefore, when Mr. Childers's paper counsels Irishmen to turn their swords on each other's breasts, and appeals to "our history" to justify them, it calls up a spirit which belongs not to him but to them, and to which they can minister without his meddlesome aid. I am told that without his efforts the de Valeristas would collapse. Doubtless this is an exaggeration of his evil influence. But supposing it succeeds? There is an Irish heritage, graced with the poetry and aspiration of centuries. By this particular path of Cain, it can only end in the squalor of a Balkan blood feud. Ireland can then compute the share of this avatar which she owes to an Englishman.

A SIMPLE illustration of the way in which the situation in Europe reacts on the depression in the home trade. A friend of mine recently visited a town in the Eastern Counties, in which, he said, the difficulty was not to discover the unemployed, but to find out who had any work. The distress was extreme, and naturally

it had greatly affected the rural hinterland. This town's livelihood in normal times was derived almost entirely from the manufacture of agricultural machinery and tools for Russia and Germany.

HERE is an example of the way in which the sabotage of the Genoa Conference goes on. On Saturday the "Times" published a statement from its Paris correspondent declaring that M. Skirmunt, the Polish Foreign Minister, was going to London, Paris, and Brussels to urge "in every possible way" that the Soviet Government should not be recognized. On the face of it the statement was absurd, for the Polish Government has already recognized the Soviet Government and concluded a treaty with it. In fact, M. Skirmunt, taxed with this absurdity when he was in London, denied "in every possible way" that he had said anything of the kind, and added that he had personally communicated his denial to a representative of the "Times." I have not observed that the "Times" has made any reference to this denial of his, so I must presume that its attention has not been called to it. I therefore give the editor an opportunity of setting the matter right.

I HEARD M. Coué give one of his simple demonstrations, and thought him very *bon garçon*. There is "French peasant" written over his shrewd face and homely figure, and physician of the mind in his style and address. But he did not appeal to me as a philosopher, or a man of system; nor could I follow the slight metaphysical strain in his simple discourse on the respective functions of the will and the imagination. If indeed Couéism seemed to be all imagination to its author, his will (an awkward customer when thwarted) appeared a tolerably active factor with his subjects. In fact, what he (I am sure) honestly conceived as auto-suggestion I could not but ascribe to plain suggestion. M. Coué has the quick, decisive, and also benign manner which blessed thousands of sick-rooms before M. Coué was ever heard of, and (under a thousand temperamental guises) will bless them again. Our modern habit of specializing general truths gives undue importance to a great many slight variations of them; a point to which M. Coué (who has humor) seemed entirely alive. Indeed he seemed a little impatient of his fame as a wonder-worker. But his disciples (or the stunt Press) have been less particular.

MRS. ETHEL HERRMAN writes me from Cape Town:—

"I noted with much interest your reference in the issue of February 11th to De Wet, the late Boer hero. Your observation that his bodily presence was a tremendous model of his character and that it is a pity that Rodin never modelled his colossal frame is an opinion that will be shared by many who had the privilege of knowing him. You may be interested to hear, however, that De Wet sat to a young sculptor here only a few months before his death, and that even as I write the bust is being packed to go to London to be cast in bronze.

"Mr. Moses Kottler, the sculptor, whose work has attracted a good deal of attention in South Africa, was commissioned to execute the bust by a group of friends of the late General De Wet, and he is very shortly proceeding to London with this bust and with other works, amongst them a large, three-quarter-length figure of Mr. Max Michaelis, the donor of the Michaelis Gallery of old Dutch masters in Cape Town.

"The De Wet bust is a noble and massive piece of work more than life size, an excellent likeness of the General, and reflecting all that dignified and reposed force to which you refer in your Diary.

"I do not know whether it will be exhibited in London, but I think that it would be a pity if the

opportunity were not taken to show Londoners the bust of a great figure in the history of South Africa, and at the same time the work of a clever young South African sculptor."

LORD RUSSELL writes me: "I do not think enough has been said about Sargeaunt as a friend. He has been an intimate friend of mine for over thirty years, and I shall miss him terribly. One could always rely upon his discretion and his sympathy: he never tendered advice, but was always prepared to indicate his opinion clearly if asked. Never failing in sympathy, never failing in silence, never blinking the truth: these are the marks of a perfect friend. As a companion courteous, agreeable, and witty, as a friend all that I have said, as a scholar both in the Classics and in English Literature wonderfully well informed and with a perfect memory, it is not only his devoted ex-pupils at Westminster that will find the world the poorer for his absence."

HOLIDAY moods:—

England's worst discovery about the war is to come. It is that she put her money on the wrong horse.

Nature is the least exacting of lovers. All she asks is, "Understand me, and I will love you."

In Heaven there is Love; in Hell loves.

For the moralist as for the critic, the habit of tolerance is always at war with the instinct of judgment.

Heaven does not lie about us in our infancy; rather is childhood a kind of poetic reminder of what early man was, a Narcissus-vision, seen in the brook, and vanishing when the wind blows over it.

Lenin is so interesting to Western Europe because it knows what all the other politicians are like.

The modern world is the Kingdom of the Little—little statesmen, little poets, little critics—because it has lost the idea of the Universal Mind, and no longer sees human society as one.

How hope to popularize the sub-conscious self when everyone is afraid of it?

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

OF TALKING IT OUT.

OUR fathers would have thought it the depth of cynicism to inquire whether an international Conference was better or worse than an international war. They considered that every quarrel between countries could be arranged by reasonable discussion. They believed in arbitration. Once or twice they even practised it, and with some success. Arbitration stood as a mile-post upon the open highroad to human perfectibility. The very conception of it encouraged Positivists and Meliorists, as hopeful people were then called, in their sanguine dreams. Surely sweet reasonableness must prevail, and men would soon cease to suppose they could settle any debatable question by putting each other out of existence. "O cease!" cried Shelley, the centenary of whose death we must, alas! celebrate this year:—

"O cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy!
The world is weary of the past—
O might it die or rest at last!"

But since the "Hellas" was written, we have indeed drained to its dregs the urn of bitter prophecy. And

what is worse, the prophecies continue to be bitter. The war that was to bring peace on earth has, at the cost of ten million young lives, brought sharpened swords, and who shall say that all the Conferences which have happened since have mitigated the international hatreds that are the main cause of war? Is not the Versailles Conference likely to prove almost as great a disaster to European mankind as the war itself? Remember what Mr. Keynes wrote of the view in France while the Conference was sitting:

"According to this vision of the future, European history is to be a perpetual prize-fight, of which France has won this round, but of which this round is certainly not the last. From the belief that essentially the old order does not change, being based on human nature which is always the same, and from a consequent scepticism of all that class of doctrine which the League of Nations stands for, the policy of France and Clemenceau followed logically."

Or, if Mr. Keynes is thought a one-sided judge because he resigned from the Conference, let us take the evidence of one who recruited as a private at the war's very beginning, and, if any man, saw it steadily and whole. In his book called "Disenchantment," Mr. C. E. Montague writes:

"Germany lay at our feet, a world's wonder of downfall, a very Lucifer, fallen, broken, bereaved beyond all the retributive griefs which Greek tragedy shows you afflicting the great who were insolent, wilful, and proud. But it was not enough for our small epicures of revenge. . . . The soldiers could only look on while the scurvy performance dragged itself out till the meanest of treaties was signed at Versailles."

And Mr. Montague goes on to quote from Sir Ian Hamilton, himself a soldier:

"Fatal Versailles! Not a line—not one line in your treaty to show that those boys (our friends who were dead) had been any better than the emperors; not one line to stand for the kindness of England; not one word to bring back some memory of the generosity of her sons!"

No condemnation of war itself could be more severe than the condemnation of the Conference thus pronounced by three distinguished men. Versailles set a bad example for succeeding Conferences, and gave them a bad start. One would be justified in saying that it envenomed international hatreds more than the war itself, and entailed upon Europe a longer train of misery and ruin. From the recently published Memorandum of spring, 1919, we now know that Mr. Lloyd George went to the Conference with high ideals and generous aims. His purposes were almost as fine as President Wilson's, his mind more alert, his ignorance of Europe not conspicuously greater. But against the silent, rock-hewn figure of that Frenchman in grey suede gloves the intentions of goodwill and generosity beat in vain, and when the great body of the little epicures of revenge at home presented Mr. George with their ultimatum, he collapsed and sank from the onset like an ebbing tide.

Nearly everyone outside France now admits that the Versailles Conference still lies upon the world, heavy as frost, and deep almost as death. Succeeding Conferences in Europe have not yet been able to mitigate the miseries it created. If that is so, why did the Prime Minister last Monday solemnly warn his possible successors in office that they would find it impossible to get on without Conferences? He described Conferences as "the only rational process, short of force, of bringing the world gradually back to something like normal conditions, and from normal conditions to something which is better." Speaking on the same day to the "Pilgrims," Dr. Hadley, former President of Yale University, said that the Washington Conference had taken a step which they most confidently believed marked actual progress in the history of international peace. Whence comes all this

confidence in Conferences when the disastrous result of the greatest and the futility of most among its successors are so obvious?

Perhaps the belief springs from a habit of mind specially characteristic of the English and American peoples. In his essay upon "English Liberty in America" (in "Character and Opinion in the United States") Professor Santayana wrote of this liberty:

"This slow co-operation of free men, this liberty in democracy—the only sort that America possesses or believes in—is wholly English in its personal basis, its reserve, its tenacity, its empiricism, its public spirit, and its assurance of its own rightness; and it deserves to be called English always, to whatever countries it may spread."

He goes on to say that it does not matter much if the individual engaged in this slow co-operation is rather stupid or rather cheap. The English quality comes from an eminence in "temper, goodwill, reliability, accommodation." The secret of our belief in Conferences lies, we suppose, in those words "empiricism," "public spirit," "reliability," and "accommodation." Granted those qualifications in all the parties present, a Conference is likely to prove successful. And if, as Professor Santayana maintains, these qualifications are specially "Anglo-Saxon" (as he calls the race), their presence may account for the comparative success of the Washington Conference, in which the Anglo-Saxon peoples predominated. The French delegates might fail in empiricism and reliability; the Japanese might fail in accommodation; but the Anglo-Saxon spirit predominated. No one doubted that Mr. Hughes and Mr. Balfour would show themselves public-spirited, trustworthy, and accommodating.

When Li Hung Chang made his tour of the world, he recorded among his observations that if ever three Englishmen meet together they form themselves into a committee. This habit of talking it out is deeply rooted in the English nature. It was the origin of that "Mother of Parliaments" which is now being scornfully attacked, but has served us long and fairly well. It is the origin of all our County and Borough Councils, our Boards of Guardians, and Committees of Management. They may not be first-rate, but they are the best we have yet discovered, and they are all founded upon those ideas of public spirit, reliability, and empiricism, which in practice comes to much the same thing as accommodation. They assume that in serious, honest, and public-spirited people there lies a fixed background of "horse-sense." That is the common property of all, and if discussion is conducted temperately, the "horse-sense" will become the deciding power. Of course, there must be accommodation; English practice lives on compromise; but on the whole people feel confident that the result will not be bad. After all, one has to make allowances, and cannot look for the exact fulfilment of any hope. "After all" Bismarck declared to be his favorite phrase, though he only borrowed it from the "Anglo-Saxon."

The trouble in any Conference or any committee is the logician, the doctrinaire. The delegate who goes to a Conference with his mind irrevocably made up is likely to have his way, for he overbears others who may be "rather stupid or rather cheap," and who come with open minds. That was M. Clemenceau's way at Versailles; while others discussed, he closed his eyes, folded his hands, and let them talk. His mind was made up. He was a logician, and from his premises the conclusion of Germany's ruin necessarily followed. Similarly, Mr. de Valera and Mr. Childers, being doctrinaires, have, in American phrase, thrown a monkey-clutch into the machine of Irish peace, and threaten to bring all the

results of Conferences to naught. Which of the opposing qualities will prevail at Genoa? The "horse-sense" or the doctrinaire logic? Towards the end of the Boer War, Lord Rosebery observed that many difficult questions had been settled by a meeting in a wayside inn, and then we felt that peace was near, for that was the English method. Our delegates at Genoa can probably be trusted to maintain the peculiar characteristics that Professor Santayana attributes to the race. And if anyone throws in the monkey-clutch, who will it be? France is logical, Russia doctrinaire.

STABILITY AND INCREASE.

"WHAT is needed is stability."

"At every period it is upon the growing business that the progress of the future depends."

These are two isolated sentences in a recent speech of Mr. McKenna's. Taken alone, they are unimpeachable; taken together, they are incompatible, for they incorporate just that difficulty for which the modern world has so far found no solution. The future of the world depends upon the increased wealth of the world. True. Nothing is done without money, the symbol of accumulated work. But has the acknowledged increase of wealth brought with it increased stability? The history of the past century shows just the contrary. During this time the world has been more and more distracted by the question how the increase is to be equitably distributed, and until some agreement is reached corresponding to prevailing notions of what is fair, there is no hope of real stability. This is the real issue, and the war has done nothing to alter it, though it has created in some minds the illusion that conditions before the war were better than, in fact, they were. To provide the increase required, have we for ever to submit to a system which ensures nothing but the progressive dependence of society upon a plutocracy—a plutocracy tempered only by taxation? It is well to remember that, rather than this, a not unintelligent section of the peoples of the world deliberately holds that it would be better to produce no further wealth at all.

Problem. To find a formula which, while maintaining, or even accelerating, the production of wealth, shall at the same time ensure its more extensive distribution.

Solution. This could be reached not by altering human nature (which is impossible), but by introducing a new factor to which human nature would react differently. For example, a law might be passed limiting to a certain figure the maximum annual income to be possessed by any single person. (The maximum must be set very high, to avoid dislocation of values, to destroy which is to destroy wealth. Let it be placed, for the sake of argument, at £20,000 per annum.) What, human nature being what it is, would be the likely consequences?

1. It would prevent, or at least greatly retard, the progressive alteration of the standard of riches which has been the feature of the last century. A rich man of 1820 is comparatively poor to-day. If he has desired to maintain his relative position he has been compelled, whether he liked it or not, to make money. Not only so, but the pressure has reacted throughout the social scale: the middle and professional classes, the true nursery of learning, science, and art, the real repository of matured and cultivated intelligence in all branches, who have in the main made money a secondary consideration, are finding this less and less possible. As the standard of riches rises, so must they increase their

savings; not to rise, merely in order to float, have they had to turn their attention to money-making. Did their savings continue to secure to them that standard of living to which they are traditionally accustomed, they would, for the most part, resume their old ways, money being to them a "means and not an end."

2. It would create of the rich (that is, where it is most desired) an economically non-competitive class. As a man reached the limit he would fall out of money-making like a ripe fruit off a tree. His anxieties would be gone (so far as that can be), and his interests would be free to develop in all directions save one. Moreover, each year should see an addition to the numbers of this class, which should become in course of time comparatively large, in itself an element of stability.

3. It would broaden the basis of expenditure. As the richest would all be equally rich, competition in establishments and equipages would be absurd; and ostentatious expenditure among the less rich would similarly decline for want of a fashion. But while merely opulent display would be foolish, there would be proper opportunity for magnificence—an essential part of citizenship—and distinction in spending could lie only in the skill, taste, and discretion shown. A man could indulge his tastes according to his character, and would not be compelled to spend in "maintaining his position" according to an ever-rising standard.

4. The benefit to the public would lie in the stabilization of values. The individual could retire when his fortune suited his own needs, confident that he would not find himself in a generation comparatively poor. Those who cannot look forward to making fortunes would gain by the relaxed economic pressure. Also the opportunity now afforded to the rich for individuality would make their tastes a matter of general interest rather than of general envy; while by the interplay of criticism and goodwill the standard of public enlightenment should be raised.

These permanent consequences are not unlikely; but certain initial difficulties remain.

1. To establish this state of affairs those affected would have to dispose of their present surplus. *This they should do entirely as they choose.* The arguments are too long to state, but a Government (*i.e.*, a political party) has really no right to take capital from citizens, and is no wiser in spending it than they are. In any case, to inaugurate an era of goodwill one must draw upon goodwill, and trust the individual to dispose wisely of his surplus. Perhaps for the most part it will be given to members of the family; but in thus creating new centres of independence a useful stimulus is given to individuality, without which the world cannot live.

2. The law should not affect accumulations of capital by trading corporations, provided that no individual enjoyed in his own person more than the stated sum. The law would also require that where chance should increase an individual's fortune beyond the limit the surplus should be given away.

3. Evasions should not be more difficult to detect than present evasions of income tax, but should be stringently punished. The true check, however, would be the course of time making the rich realize the inestimable benefit of having no competitors.

4. Should a man and his wife be allowed each and severally to possess the maximum income? Perhaps, on the whole, not: the surplus might be put in trust for the children.

These are the broad principles of a scheme for stability. Apart from whatever intrinsic merits they possess, it seems clear that the attempt to solve the

problem of distribution from the bottom, by means of minimum wages, "philanthropic" legislation, and so forth, must fail. Such measures only serve to invest the plutocratic structure with a permanent sanction. The only alternative is to tackle it at the top, and it is perhaps time that the possibilities of this way of approach should receive some public investigation.

STEPHEN WARD.

ST. PLACID.

MANY and various are the offices of the saints who are invoked as patrons and protectors of the crafts and callings of men. There are famous saints whose protection is claimed by the great and powerful professions, as St. Nicholas, the patron of thieves and lawyers; and obscure saints whose help is sought by humble and simple men, like St. Juvin, the swineherd hermit to whose well come the peasants of the Argonne when their pigs are sick, and whose aid is found equally effectual when they touch his shrine with a morsel of bread and thereafter give it to their hogs as a blessed bolus, eagerly accepted by the suffering beasts. Midway between such saints as these we may place St. Placid, the patron of quiet and tranquil lives, the friend of those who love peace.

St. Placid, the historians tell us, was the son of a noble and wealthy senator of Rome, who was brought by his father at a tender age to be a pupil of St. Benedict at Subiaco, and in due time embraced the monastic estate, which in that evil and turbulent age provided, as no other way of life, a haven of calm most welcome to one who shrank from the pollutions and perils of the civil state and its transitory joys. But one well-known incident is preserved from this period of St. Placid's life, that of his miraculous preservation from drowning, when he had gone as a novice to fill a pitcher in the lake and slipped into its deep waters. St. Bennet, perceiving from afar the young novice's danger, bade St. Gall, who was an older fellow pupil, go to his succor. St. Gall hastened to the lake, where he found Placid calmly floating; and speeding across the water, he secured hold of the lad with the good Abbot's crook, and steered him to land, unruffled by danger or by the waves of the lake. The novice grew in grace and took his monk's vows. So adapted to the peaceful monastic life were the young man's ways that St. Benedict chose him, when still but a few years passed twenty in age, to be the first Abbot of the new monastery which had been founded by the patriarch at Messina in Sicily. Here he ruled for a short time with exemplary devotion, until an unexpected terror smote the countryside, for even as some eagle might drop from the clear sky upon a litter of helpless rabbits, a murderous band of Saracens fell suddenly upon the peaceful monastery. According to all records hitherto known to us, the result was the destruction of the sacred edifice and the massacre of St. Placid, together with all his monks. A careful examination of the ancient authorities, however, seems to show traces that at one time another St. Placid was venerated as a saint along with the Martyr of Messina, and this circumstance perhaps affords a clue to the version of the Saint's life which is here offered to the reader from a source which, if not ancient, is as worthy of credence as many of undoubted antiquity which have hitherto found acceptance with the faithful. At the time of the unexpected calamity which resulted in the destruction of the newly founded monastery, the Abbot had retired for a season of quiet devotion to an oratory situated at some little distance above it on the mountain side. He was so rapt

in meditation as to be quite unaware of the marauders' raid, until the cries of the martyred monks and the curses and yells of the assassins penetrated his ears, and, turning his eyes downwards, he beheld his beloved monastery already in flames, and the crowd of infidel soldiers hastening to and fro with their booty.

Perceiving all too clearly what was taking place, the first thought of the saint was to rejoin his flock and, if his intercessions could not avail to save them, at least to perish with them in one common martyrdom. Yet even as the longing for this filled his heart, he bethought him that this very desire might be but a snare of the enemy of souls. He had no right to seize with rash hand the martyr's crown which was to be the privilege of his monks, and it must come unsought, just as it was his duty not to shrink from it if come it should. Clearly it was not for nothing that on this day he had been called apart to this place of retirement. It might well be that some purpose unknown to him had guided him to that spot, and that his work was needed in this vale of tears. So struggling with his natural emotion, he turned once more to his oratory, and as the distant cries and hubbub grew fainter, the saint's prayers went up for his brethren and for their enemies, and in his longing for their salvation he quite forgot his own need and trouble.

Such of the inhabitants of the district as had not been slain or taken captive by the Saracen raiders had escaped to a distance and did not venture back at once, so that St. Placid had leisure to meditate upon his future duties. If, as was almost certain to happen, the monastery were rebuilt, he would naturally be expected, as the Abbot and sole surviving member of the old community, to resume his former duties and station.

And so it came about. Little by little folk returned to the countryside and learned of the presence of the holy anchorite in his mountain cell. His beard had grown, and this alone would have sufficed to hide him from those who had known the young Abbot in earlier days; if any asked his name, he answered that he was but one dead to the world and had no need of any name but Brother. He was soon known near and far as the hermit father of the mountain, and many were the pious feet that climbed up to see him, and bring the little comforts without which his frugal fare, as all said, would have been scant indeed.

So the years passed and old age came gently on. In spite of the fame that had come unsought to him, Placid was happy in this life of his, and the far-off past seemed more distant than the convent bell, whose pealing came up daily to him through the still air.

The tranquillity in which he passed his days had for long been associated with an unexpected consequence of the earliest months of his hermit life, when he had been completely cut off from the outer world of men. He was desirous of finding some incense for his oratory, but the whole store which the monastery possessed had been burnt with the buildings. In its place, therefore, he searched in his garden for fragrant herbs which, when dried, might be burnt and give forth sweet odors, and at length after many trials he found one, the fragrance of which was peculiarly grateful to him. He had no censer, but fashioned himself a small bowl of the wood of a wild cherry, and by means of a long tube of hollow wood inserted into the bowl, he was able to keep the dry leaves gently smouldering. One day, in a period of deep meditation, St. Placid, instead of blowing into the bowl, as was his wont, drew out the blue white incense smoke through the tube into his mouth. He only perceived what was taking place as his eye caught on a little halo or crown of fair white vapor which must have passed from his lips

and now mounted slowly into the sky, growing wider as it ascended.

He was filled with joy at the sight, and there came into his thankful heart the thought that this fair white ring or crown might be the presage of future blessedness. It was evident that such a rare sign was not one to come at will. From that day St. Placid began to find a peculiar delight in his humble incense bowl, and often when his simple meal was ended he would take it from the niche in which it lay to a seat of stone in his garden overlooking the sea, where with thankful heart he sat and watched the blue white vapor ascend into the sky.

St. Placid was now far advanced in years, and again and again the pilgrims who came to him would beg him to have care of his infirmities and allow some disciple to live with him. What could be fitter than that he should enter the monastery of Messina, whose bell had so often cheered his solitude and for whose welfare he ever prayed with such diligence? He would go and propose the thing to the Abbot. A week later, the Abbot stood at the Abbey gate to welcome the holy hermit, whose steps had been guided there by the sub-prior. A lay brother followed, bearing his little incense bowl, together with a store of dried herbs which St. Placid would by no means leave behind, although the sub-prior assured him that the monastery possessed a rich stock of incense of far nobler quality, brought from the Holy Land itself.

"Holy Father," said the Abbot, "most gladly do I welcome thee to this our monastery; thou shalt still burn thy mountain incense amongst us, in thine own way, if so it please thee, and since thou hast humbly left to me the choice of the name which thou shalt bear in religion, I give thee that of one whom we reverence with peculiar honor in this spot, the abbot who more than fifty years ago was martyred here with all his monks by the Saracen invaders. His relics, alas! we cannot say that we with certainty possess, for the bodies of the martyrs were buried beneath the burning ruins and men sought for his mortal remains in vain, but we have often felt that he has been near us in spirit. I can give thee no more honored Saint for thy patron, none worthier thy past holy life. Henceforth live welcome amongst us under the name of Brother Placid."

T. E. H.

Communications.

POLITICS AND THE PRESS.

To the Editor of THE NATION & THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The recent discussion on the state of the newspaper press in your columns is likely to be as inconclusive as all discussions of the degeneracy of the modern Press, because both sides in the controversy make an identical assumption. The proprietors, managers, and editors of the circulation newspapers declare, and truly declare, that it is impossible for them to maintain their circulation at a figure which will attract the great advertisers and enable their newspaper to pay its way unless they make an incessant appeal to the general appetite for sensationalism and triviality and "stunt." Perhaps they slightly exaggerate the necessity; but no one who has watched or talked with a bunch of average newspaper-readers in a third-class railway-carriage would deny that the case is substantially true. The causes are clear, and they have been stated many times. The rise of the circulation Press historically coincides with the full working of the Education Act of 1870, which created a vast new class of men and women who could read and do very little else. They were, in a sense, educated; but they

remained at the lowest level of education. Alfred Harmsworth seized the opportunity of commercial enterprise which they offered. One cannot blame him. If he had not taken the chance someone else would have taken it. The stupidity is to see in him and his inferior imitators men of outstanding ability. They are good men of business and nothing more.

But the opponents of the circulation Press seem to accept the argument not only as true, which it doubtless is, but also as exhaustive, which is certainly not proved. Suppose that it is impossible to keep the circulation of a penny newspaper above 200,000 without the continual employment of the well-known methods. It does not follow that a newspaper must have a circulation of 200,000 in order to exist. A newspaper of the circulation kind must have such a circulation, indeed; but is no other kind of newspaper conceivable? The circulation of the ordinary political weekly varies between 8,000 and 15,000 in England. It is not without influence, even upon those who cannot afford to buy it. Let anyone who doubts it go into the reading-room of a public library. He will find the political weeklies are eagerly read by men whose daily penny is spent on quite other journals. The "Daily Mail," for instance, is bought by hundreds of thousands of men upon whom its political opinions (if indeed it can be said to have any) make no impression whatever: they buy it because "it is bright," or because "it has the news," or more often still, because "the wife likes it." Moreover, the political opinions expressed by a circulation newspaper may be clean contrary to the political opinions of the majority of the buyers without doing any harm to its circulation, so long as the "brightness," the photographs, the scandals, and the stunts are kept flourishing. A striking instance of this was the "Daily Mirror" during the last two years of the war. Its leaderettes were singularly moderate in tone; they were evidently written by a reasonable man. The circulation of the "Daily Mirror" did not suffer in the least.

It seems to follow then, first, that a political newspaper with a maximum circulation of 15,000, like the English political weeklies, can exert a political influence out of all proportion to its actual sales; and, secondly, that the majority of the people who buy a circulation newspaper are supremely uninterested in the political opinions it expresses.

Now the number of "men in the street" who are keenly interested in political questions is doubtless small in comparison with those who are interested in Princess Mary's wedding-cake and the Cup-ties; and there is a smaller number still who are interested in all three. But that number, though relatively small, is actually large. There are at least two or three hundred thousand of them in London alone. And they are a great deal more powerful than their numbers would suggest. These are the people who argue with their neighbors, who attend meetings in Hyde Park or on the suburban commons, who never fail to vote themselves and to bring a half-dozen indifferentists among their acquaintance to the poll with them. Anyone who has lived in a London suburb knows the type; it is one of the finest.

The majority of these men are Radicals. They are not Labor; they are sick of the wishy-washy vagueness that goes under the name of Liberalism. There are also plenty of Tories among them. But they are all good democrats in the sense that they are Parliament men. They have an almost pathetic belief in Parliament. Government by Trade Union dictatorship, by Coalition, by business men, and even by lawyers, is abhorrent to them. They believe in clean political fighting; they believe even more in character; and most of all in justice.

Here is an audience ready-made for a real political daily newspaper. Is such a thing impossible merely because the maximum circulation it could hope for is 100,000? Surely not. Nobody would make a fortune out of it; no one would be made a baronet or peer for founding it, to be sure. But no one who wanted a handle to his name would dream of founding it. From the very beginning it would have to be conceived as a newspaper of a different kind from the circulation journal. It would be small; one-half or even one-third the size of the ordinary newspaper. Paris can support thirty such journals of opinion, in which the deficiency of illustrations and police-news is supplied by the vigor of the political writing. London could surely maintain one or two.

In the first place our imaginary newspaper would be focused upon political issues, on the actions of the Government, and, when Parliament was sitting, upon Parliament. Above all upon Parliament. It would need to have a first-class man in the Press Gallery to make the proceedings of that defunct assembly once more alive to the general imagination, and to give the private member of character and intelligence the public advertisement he so richly deserves. It would insist, directly and indirectly, that the House of Commons is the centre of English political life, and that so soon as it ceases to perform its vital functions, power must pass either to a Cabinet *camarilla* or to the proprietors of the purely commercial stunt Press.

On the commercial side the economy of such a paper would be completely different from that of the circulation Press. It would be glad of advertisements, but it would not depend upon them. The cost of production would be reduced, first, by halving the size of the journal; second, by doing without all the vast array of reporters and publicity men who are essential to a "stunt" newspaper. A half-dozen men could write the whole of it. They would need to be men of more than ordinary journalistic ability and more than ordinary journalistic conviction. It should not be impossible to find them, above all for a paper which would appeal more than any other to the great number of Radical intellectuals who have been awakened to political consciousness by the war, and have yet enough sense of reality to see that there can be no place for them in Trade Union Labor for years to come.—Yours, &c.,

A RADICAL.

Letters to the Editor.

THE "TIMES" AND THE RUSSIAN FAMINE.

We have received from Mr. Berzin, Assistant Official Agent of the Russian Soviet Government in Great Britain, the following copy of a letter he sent to the "Times" which the editor of that paper found himself unable to publish, with a request for its insertion in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.

In your issue of Wednesday, March 29th, Sir Basil Thomson replies to a Press comment on the military ravages wrought in the famine area during the civil war by the statement: "No part of the armies of Kolchak or Denikin ever came within 250 miles of the famine-stricken areas."

Not entering into Sir Basil Thomson's controversy with THE NATION, I think, in the interests of accuracy, the following circumstances should be placed before your readers, and I trust that you will for the sake of fairness permit me to do so.

In the first place, the armies of Kolchak and Denikin (1918-1920) are not the only anti-Soviet military units that operated in what is now the famine area. In May, 1918, a rebellion broke out in the heart of the area (Samara), and the whole Volga between Kazan and Samara was occupied by Czecho-Slovak groups and the troops of the insurgent "Committee of members of the Constituent Assembly," whose seat of government was at Samara city. When, in September of the same year, the Red Army dislodged the rebels and began to force them southward along the Volga and eastward towards Bashkiria, it was a marked feature of the struggle, on which every eye-witness, civil or military, has commented, that the retreating rebels burnt towns, destroyed food stores and standing crops, and generally laid waste the countryside with the thoroughness and ruthlessness characteristic of the Dark Ages.

Practically the whole of the famine area, therefore, was utterly devastated in 1918, months before the leadership of the rebellion fell upon Admiral Kolchak.

Secondly, as may be seen from the military communiqués published in the British Press at the time, at the end of May, 1919, Admiral Kolchak's forces held the line Glazov-Bugulma-Buguruslan, while his third army was approaching Orenburg. He thus had in his rear at least one-third of the present famine area—notably the Bashkir Republic and the provinces of Ufa and Perm. In his retreat during the ensuing months, he laid waste these provinces. General Denikin, again, in his advance in the summer of 1918, on his eastern sector reached a line approximating to that of Tsaritsin-Voronezh; and when retreating ravaged the southwestern portion of the present famine region, particularly the

Don, Kuban, and the Black Sea areas, to say nothing of the eastern provinces of the Ukraine.

That these circumstances are not a mere accident of geography, but represent thousands of square miles of fields ravaged, and scores of railway bridges blown up, may be attested again by eye-witnesses, and by visitors to the area to-day.

This Delegation will be happy to furnish any of your readers with convincing evidence that, far from the Soviet Government requisitioning the "dying people's seed corn," as Sir Basil Thomson alleges, the resources of Russia have been strained to the utmost in an endeavor to supply the famine area, not merely with seed corn, but also with food to maintain the adult population until the harvest.

SIR,—You have no doubt read Sir Basil Thomson's letter in the "Times" of March 29th, in the course of which he playfully challenges your knowledge of Russian geography and says that you "ought to have known that no part of the armies of Kolchak or Denikin ever came within 250 miles of the famine-stricken area." May I, as one who has recently been over some of the battlefields of these two officers on both banks of the Volga, in the heart of the famine area, offer a correction of Sir Basil Thomson's statement?

In the vicinity of the town of Nevo-Uzensk, where, I believe, the American Relief Administration is working, I found peasants, last autumn, rebuilding their shacks of mud and straw—materials painfully similar to the food they are compelled to eat under the rigors of famine—amidst a wilderness of trenches, barbed-wire entanglements, and soldiers' graves, marking the trail of Denikin's incursion. In Kamuiskin, there was still evidence of the hostilities which were described in the "Times" of July, 1919, and Kamuiskin is, I understand, one of the principal sub-bases of the relief work of the Save the Children Fund in the famine-stricken province of Saratov. Again, in the "Times" of July 2nd, 1919, I find that the Bolsheviks were reported to be "fighting with superior enemy forces two miles to the west of Balashov"—a village which is now one of the outposts of the Save the Children Fund work in the famine area; while, on July 14th of the same year, the "Times" reported an advance "in the region of Buzuluk, Denikin's extreme right"—now the headquarters of the relief work of the Society of Friends in the Province of Samara.

Sir Basil Thomson, in his letter to the "Times," said that Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons made "quite clear" the alleged fact that the troops of Denikin and Kolchak did not penetrate into the famine area, but on referring to "Hansard" (March 17th, column 2,624) I find that Mr. Chamberlain only committed himself to the statement that he was "told" that the troops of Denikin and Kolchak did not penetrate into the area under discussion.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD FULLER.

DR. RIVERS'S CANDIDATURE.

SIR,—It will be of interest to many of your readers to know that at a recent meeting the London University Labor Party adopted Mr. W. H. R. Rivers, M.D. (Lond.), D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S., as prospective Labor candidate for the University constituency.

Dr. Rivers's candidature has received the wholehearted support of Sir Arthur Newsholme, M.D., the Rev. W. E. Orchard, D.D., Prof. Weiss, Dr. Bedford Pierce, Mr. Sidney Webb (the Labor candidate at the election of 1918), and other distinguished graduates in all faculties of the University.

Dr. Rivers's brilliant pioneer work in the social and psychological sciences is widely known and appreciated; and his trained understanding of the problems of public health and education would be of the greatest value in the House of Commons.

We confidently appeal to all progressive graduates to help us to secure the return of one of the most distinguished of their own number as the University representative in Parliament.

Qualified graduates who have not already done so should take immediate steps to get themselves enrolled on the Parliamentary Register.

Further information will be gladly furnished by the Hon. Sec. to anyone desiring to join the Party.—Yours, &c.,
(Signed) R. H. TAWNEY, President,
MAURICE L. PERLZWEIG, Chairman,
GLADYS CARTER, Hon. Sec., Electoral Sub-Cte.
MADELINE GLASIER, Hon. General Sec.
50, St. George's Road, S.W.1.

THE POVERTY OF THE GERMAN INTELLECTUALS.

SIR,—I wonder if most English people realize how intellectually isolated the Germans still are from the rest of Europe. This is, of course, largely due to the depreciation of the mark and to the consequent extreme poverty of the educated classes in this country, causes which combine to render any acquaintance with contemporary foreign literature impossible to the average German student of to-day. It must be remembered that, at the present rate of exchange, a German has to pay thirty times as much for an English book as he did before the war. An ordinary text-book, price 6s., costs 200 marks over here; and the purchase of a new foreign book is thus, to a German, as serious an undertaking as the purchase of a new bicycle (for instance) is to an Englishman. Moreover, while the cost of living has increased fifty-fold, professors' salaries (for example) are only five times as large as they were.

The English "Lektor" in the University here, Herr Walter Schirmer, part of whose duty it is to keep in touch with modern English literature, tells me that he is almost entirely debarred from doing so owing to lack of funds. He tells me that, although he is a reviewer in the periodical "Neue Sprechen," which takes an interest in English literature, and although himself writing an essay on the English novel, he has no means of obtaining even the most indispensable books. His address is Freiburg i/B, Maria Theresia-strasse, 12, and he would, I know, be very grateful to any reader who would be kind enough to send him modern novels which are no longer required, or books bearing on the English language, or on the recent development of English literature. These books would later be placed at the disposal of Freiburg University.

Herr Schirmer is, of course, but one of many, and I feel sure that gifts of English books to the "Englische Seminar" of any German University would be very welcome. Those who have the pacification of Europe at heart (and who has not?) can afford to neglect no means, however humble, of bringing about a better understanding between the divided nations of Europe. The Germans, so it seems to me, have already ceased to hate us, but they have not yet begun to understand us. How can they, till they have some means of knowing what our writers and thinkers of to-day are saying?—Yours, &c.,

H. MONTGOMERY.

Freiburg-im-Breisgau.
March 3rd, 1922.

THE SEAMY SIDE.

SIR,—Some of your readers may have followed the letters of the "Times" correspondent in Cologne, and have wondered if the account of the British occupation were not too good to be true.

It may be interesting to compare with the "Times" columns the following letter which has just reached me from a friend:—

"I have just returned from Cologne, where I was working among our soldiers' children. We were asked to start a playroom for them, and were warned that they were rather 'out of hand.' About thirty arrived on the first day—a howling mob. We were used to East End children, so thought we could tackle them all right, but no sort of order could be got. I have never seen such unkempt hooligans. All had colds, and not one possessed a handkerchief or knew its use. Many of them speak and understand more German than English, as their mothers often leave them in the care of German women, who look after them or neglect them as they please.

"It appears that the Rhineland Garrison has schools provided for its children, but these schools are not compulsory and there is only a morning session. In consequence, the children are turned loose at 1 p.m. with nothing to do until the next morning. As far as we could ascertain no organized games are arranged for, and at present the 'Pictures' once a week and occasional boxing tournaments at the Y.M.C.A. are the only amusements our soldiers' children have. The local organizations are making practically

no effort on their behalf, so that it is hardly surprising that they run wild. Boys of eight cannot even write their own names; such words as 'please' and 'thank you' are unheard of, and are frequently used in the wrong place when the children try to learn them.

"What kind of future is there for these boys and girls? They are charming children at the bottom of it all, and I wish I could have stayed on with them. A new batch of families goes out to the Rhine Garrison shortly. Can nothing be done to improve matters?"

But in spite of my friend's experiences, the "Times" correspondent assures us that all is well.—Yours, &c.,
C. DEMAIN SAUNDERS.
Old Vestry House, Walthamstow, E. 17.

Poetry.

THE PIT OF BLISS.

(To CLEMENT FRANCE.)

WHEN I was young I dared to sing
Of everything and anything—
Of joy and woe and fate and God,
Of dreaming cloud and teeming sod,
Of hill that thrust an amber spear
Into the sunset, and the sheer
Precipice that shakes the soul
To its black gape—I sang the whole
Of God and man, nor sought to know
Man or God or joy or woe;
And, though an older wight I be,
My soul hath still such ecstasy
That, on a pulse, I sing and sing
Of everything and anything.

There is a light shines in the head;
It is not gold, it is not red;
But, as the lightning's blinding light,
It is a stare of silver white
That one surmise would fancy blue:
On that mind-blinding hue I gaze
An instant, and am in a maze
Of thinking—could one think it so?
It is no feeling that I know—
An hurricane of knowing that
Could whelm the soul that was not pat
To flinch and lose the deadly thing;
And sing, and sing again, and sing
Of everything and anything.

An eagle whirling up the sky,
Sunblind, dizzy, urging high,
And higher beating yet a wing
Until he can no longer cling,
Or hold, or do a thing, but fall
And sink and whirl and scream through all
The dizzy, heaven-hell of pit,
In mile-a-minute flight from it
That he had dared—From height of height
So the poet takes his flight
And tumble in the pit of bliss;
And in the roar of that abyss,
And falling, he will sing and sing
Of everything and anything.

What is knowing—but to see:
What is feeling—'tis to be:
What is love—but more and more
To see and be; to be a pour
And avalanche of being, till
The being ceases and is still
For very motion; what is joy—
Being, past all earthly cloy
And intermixture; being spun
Of itself is being won:
That is joy, and this is God
To be that in cloud and clod,
And in cloud and clod to sing
Of everything and anything.

JAMES STEPHENS.

The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE Premier's long-awaited speech has not, I believe, removed one jot of the City's scepticism with regard to Genoa. I have explained before why in financial circles little is hoped of this Conference, and the House of Commons debate has not affected a single one of those reasons. Usually on the eve of an International Conference hopes of good results manifest themselves in exchange speculations. This time the speculator does not appear to think that any opportunity is presented to him by the strictly circumscribed Genoa discussions.

So, in the City, Genoa can hardly be called a topic of the week. As a matter of fact, the cynosure of City attention this week has been the question of cheaper money. For weeks past it has been expected that as soon as the financial year was over, we should enter upon a period of very cheap money; and a reduction in Bank rate to 4 per cent. some time during April has been regarded as a foregone conclusion. The Stock Exchange made up its mind early in the week that the Bank rate change would be made to-day, the first Thursday of the month, and was palpably disappointed when no change was made. The basis of business has broadened, demand spreading to a number of sections. A 4 per cent. Bank rate, when it comes, should in itself be sufficient to increase business and improve sentiment, and if tax reduction (even a modest one) follows the lowering of Bank rate, then the early summer should really see the beginning of better times. The tone of the speeches at the Chamber of Commerce meeting this week was more hopeful than one has been accustomed to of late. The general feeling is that we are past the worst of the economic depression, and that reduction in taxation would hasten progress. It would, however, be folly to expect any sudden boom. Recovery must be slow and gradual.

LAST YEAR'S SURPLUS AND THIS YEAR'S TAX POLICY.

The figures of the last five days put a rather better complexion on the final accounts of the nation for the year ended March 31st than had been expected. With five days to go revenue exceeded expenditure by thirty-four millions, and the final result showed this excess to have increased to forty-five millions, receipts in the last period having, contrary to normal custom, exceeded a heavy batch of expenditure. It is, of course, wrong to regard this forty-five million as surplus revenue, for the revenue figures include one hundred and seventy millions received from the sale of war stocks, which should not be regarded as revenue at all, but should, if lines of financial purity were followed, be ear-marked for application to debt repayment. Nevertheless, when it is remembered how slowly and reluctantly the Government turned their faces towards economy, and how the twelve months which the accounts cover were a period of unparalleled trade depression and unemployment, it is a distinct relief to find that total Exchequer receipts have been sufficient to meet expenditure and to leave a small margin to the good.

Some of the year's revenue items are surprisingly satisfactory. Yet another example of the wonderful accuracy of Treasury officials in forecasting revenue is provided by the fact that aggregate receipts from customs, excise, property tax, income tax, and super tax—those resources which must be the permanent backbone of future Budgets—were within ten millions of the estimate at seven hundred and twenty-four millions. Arrears of E.P.D. failed miserably, bringing in thirty millions instead of one hundred and twenty, and it must be a very close thing just now between receipts and claims for repayment under this head. This being so, it seems unlikely that the Chancellor can hope for more than a few millions in E.P.D. receipts this year. Moreover, the heavy sales of war stocks towards the end of the year just closed must have so far reduced the saleable stocks in the hands of the Government that special receipts under this head must not be expected to figure very largely in the coming Budget. The more one ponders over the national accounts, the

more certainly one gets back to the conclusion that, if there is to be any substantial tax reduction, it will come through two things: (1) Through the Government taking advantage of the relief from certain contractual debt charges offered them by the rise in gilt-edged stocks; (2) through optimistic estimates, based on the belief that lower Income Tax will mean more business activity and larger receipts from other sources. Business men are strongly advocating the latter view, and to some extent, no doubt, they are right. To what extent is a problem for the Chancellor and his advisers.

SPREADING REDEMPTION DATES.

Many investors and trustees are exercising themselves greatly about the future course of trade, prices, and money values. What they want to know is (1) whether now is the time to buy irredeemable stocks or redeemable, and (2) if redeemable stocks are to be preferred, at what date is redemption advisable. These questions do not lend themselves to dogmatic answers; for to forecast the economic developments of the next twenty years is absolutely impossible, and the man who, under present conditions, attempts such a forecast, is, to say the least of it, foolhardy. Nevertheless, investors have got to decide such questions, and in so doing they can only be guided by present economic appearances. Personally, I incline to the view that the present time is more suitable for the purchase of redeemable than of perpetual stocks. This view is, I believe, fairly widely held. Secondly, as regards the date of redemption, it is impossible to foresee exactly at what date it will be most advantageous to have your capital repaid to you, and to have the opportunity of reinvestment. The best plan, probably, is to spread your investments so as to have the money falling in at various times over the next twenty years. A study of the lists of Government and municipal stocks in the "Investors' Monthly Manual" will show that there is abundant opportunity for such "spreading" over different redemption dates. At the same time, the search for good investments among industrial debentures should not be disregarded by the ordinary investor. To those that I referred to the other day I might add Mond Nickel 5 per cent. First Mortgage Debentures, which are redeemable at 105 in 1935, and may now be purchased round about 83. Union Cold Storage 4½ per cent. Debentures at 88, redeemable at par in 1928, are a sound holding.

NEW ISSUES.

Two of the week's new issues were very rapidly subscribed—the Metropolitan's issue of £600,000 5 per cent. Preference Stock at 87, and the Swansea Gas Company's £200,000 6½ per cent. Debenture Stock and £250,000 7 per cent. Preference Stock, both at 98. At the time of writing, the results of the other big issues have not been made known. The Australian Commonwealth issue of £5 millions in 5 per cent. stock at 96 remained open until the advertised closing date, and although the terms were not particularly attractive was probably fully subscribed. Whitehall Electric Investments, which is offering £2½ millions of 6 per cent. Debenture Stock at 87½ and £500,000 in preference shares at par, is a company formed under the auspices of the Whitehall Trust; but the offer is one which cannot be recommended to the ordinary investor. The London portion of the Czecho-Slovak State Loan issued to-day is £2,800,000 in 8 per cent. Sterling Bonds at 96½, giving a yield of £8 6s. without allowing for profit on redemption, which begins in 1923 and must be completed by 1951. The security for the Loan is fairly good, and the issue may appeal to those who have funds to spare and wish to assist in the economic development of Eastern Europe. Sheffield Steel Products is offering £500,000 6 per cent. Second Mortgage Debenture Stock at 80, but it may be mentioned that this company's 8 per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock can be bought in the market in the neighborhood of 93, a considerably more attractive proposition than the present offer.

L. J. R.



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The World of Books.

AT a West End club, where it may be the custom to cross oneself on overhearing a fellow member murmur the dread word "Lenin" while talking to himself in his sleep, a Mr. Stanley Baldwin told the diners recently that we might be sure we should receive more sympathetic guidance from men who had been steeped in Plato and Shakespeare, than from those who were merely dipped in Karl Marx. It is reassuring to find modern politicians discovering sanction for their conduct in great literature, and to learn that Shakespeare's invisible hands, to confirm the apostolic succession, were laid vicariously on Mr. Austen Chamberlain by a previous occupant of the Front Bench. Sir Henry Wilson, representing Belfast, in this mystic way may be the sanctified successor to Erasmus. Who knows? Mr. Baldwin, it is clear, has increased the importance and significance of literature.

* * *

MR. BALDWIN perhaps had his eye on the ballot box as library furniture when he directed attention to the steeping his political friends had received in Plato. And his friends, of course, are those who, by tradition and education, know instinctively when and with whom a bond may be honored or treated as a joke, and how to distinguish readily between a Black-and-Tan and a Bolshevik, and whether or not it is wise to tax the eyes of dolls, and why one day it is a "crime" for a hero to live in a pig-sty, and why the next day, when the hero is in the sty, and the Parliamentary candidate has become a Minister, the hero has resolved into but a ridiculous illustration of the gullibility of the feeble-minded. The aid and inspiration one may receive from the poets is surprising.

* * *

IT has sometimes struck me, when reading Plato, that he might prove a useful author to those who are in search of a mental process which will give them logically what they desire to believe; but I was unaware till now that he was the dye of the social philosophy which colors Sir Charles Oman, Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Carson, Sir Hamar Greenwood, and Sir Alfred Yeo. Is it possible for us now to doubt the glory that was Greece? Athene's mild but eternal light, reflected serenely from the polish of our seats of learning, reveals the beauty hidden in the ruins of Cork. How idle for the miner who is a student of Marx to plead the economic basis of history when faced with the rhetoric of Henry before Agincourt!

Let him writhe in that classic ray which, deflected from its spiritual effect on the wreckage of Europe, Mr. Baldwin turns on him to betray his ignorance of Plato, and thus his essential uselessness.

* * *

AND to think that, but for the few who had been chosen—one might say, almost divinely selected—and who then withdrew for early initiation in the privileged rite of a steeping in Plato, England would be without its present joy and prosperity! Suppose that only common-sense—if one can but stand up to the awful idea—suppose that only goodwill, sympathy, knowledge, a mere cheap and honest desire to set things right, had moved our Governors when the survivors returned from war with the childish expectation that gentlemen would keep a bond as faithfully as common soldiers, when honorable terms had to be made with a beaten foe, when starving children had to be fed, when the ignorant and urgent wish of the commonalty to be free in the future from bombs and poison gas had to be reasoned with, where should we be now? It cannot be imagined. But the dye our Governors had received, from whatever vat, preserved them from the corruption which would naturally have affected the simple and sensible. For the multitude which lines the trenches in war, which starves when it returns home, or mines coal on dry bread, which lives six in a room while waiting for the aerial torpedoes of the next war to burst, rarely has much time to spend in a university city with Plato, and so is without that enlightened intelligence which would cause its conditions to appear just, classical, and reasonable. It would know, had its opportunities been otherwise, that both Plato and Aristotle have commended slavery.

* * *

AND why not? Is culture possible without it? Could we have had the learning of the present Ministry on any other terms? Though here, for me, the first doubt occurs. In spite of Mr. Baldwin's rebuke to the impatient and ignorant, I fear, if he is right, that we may have too much book-learning, that literature may be over-rated, that a purely literary training, a steeping in philosophy and hardly a lustration from the harsh and cold torrent of facts, is not without serious disadvantages. One may not, indeed, have discovered what life really is. Even Plato did not know what it is to be bombed. He never experienced, as an ex-soldier begging a benefit after saving the Acropolis, the bleak and niggard regard of Sir Allan Smith. Aristotle would have wanted more philosophy than he possessed to listen patiently to Sir Alfred Mond explaining something to the effect that any quiet accommodation, after a swamped dug-out, ought to appear palatial. Scholarship may be over-subtle at times, and too assured of its past and its permanence; and discover, when there is no time to solve the riddle of the most recent and implacable fact, that the rising tide of life, moved by an influence that is deaf to argument, has overtaken it, and is foundering classic landmarks. "Humanity has struck its tents and is once more on the march."

H. M. T.

Short Studies.

O.H.M.S.

WHO ever heard of Chinde? Not I for one, until the Crown Agent for the Colonies (perhaps it was his clerk, in any case a fussy little man with a rumpled, spotted waistcoat, a chronic sniff, and a minatory eyebrow) handed me a bundle of highly official-looking documents. A very mixed lot. *Item*, a Last Pay Certificate (important this, very), an open manifesto reminding all State officials who should encounter me in my travels that they need not impound my rifles or shot-guns because I was a certified Government official (if you please), a first-class ticket by the s.s. "Norman Castle" for Capetown, assorted railway warrants that ought, with luck, to see me through to Beira, another ticket that purported to be good as far as the Zambesi if there happened to be a ship handy (there wasn't). That, it seemed, brought one to Chinde and the beginning of further trouble.

None of us knew this place, had ever heard of it. So we asked the Crown Agent, bolting it mostly, I think, as a word of one syllable, reasoning by analogy from the story of that waggish general who telegraphed "Peccavi" by way of a dispatch to the Viceroy. We were corrected. It rhymed—we had the Crown Agent's assurance for that—with "shindy," and there was something about it in the little book. By all means, the little book. There it was, nestling between the Last Pay Certificate and the Union Castle Company's portfolio, a meek and mild looking brochure to the outer view, advertising itself as a kind of *vade mecum*, a guide, philosopher, and friend for young officers attaching themselves or being attached for duty in the service of His Majesty's Colonial Office. Within, it appeared to breathe nothing but threatenings and slaughter. There was a chronic sniffiness about its injunctions, a minatory and brow-beating flavor about its little cross-heads in black type. One understood why these things should be reflected in the Crown Agent's physiognomy. The remarks it made about our pay were, I seem to remember, what we first explored. Army Regulations went by the board. There were special rates for everybody, arranged and graded by the Crown Agent. We had known all that—how no one, for example, short of a full Colonel drew at any time more than the equivalent of his army wage; while one understood that there were even fewer opportunities for spending it than in a rest billet in Flanders, so rumor held out that one might even hope to save some of it. But it was the office of the little book to function as a cold douche on these fond imaginings. We were to be on half-pay during the voyage, on half-pay on the train, on half-pay at all stopping places *en route*, on half-pay while waiting for another boat at Beira, on half-pay everywhere until Chinde was reached. That was where the importance of Chinde came in. If, thereafter, we fell ill within the statutory time-limit of our active service, we went automatically on half-pay again at once. If we contracted a marriage during the same period we should be sent home and cashiered. Nor do I forget that we had to find our own first-class fare to Plymouth. About fifty officers went down from Paddington with me on that train. One, having not a penny in Cox's or the wide world after clearing up his just debts in London, locked himself into the only refuge on the coach wherein he was safe from the attentions of the G.W.R. Company's frock-coated vassal with the ticket punch.

The book I have in my head about that two and a-half months' journey to Zambesia is still unwritten. But I wish to speak of Chinde—that was. *Troja fuit*—Chinde is no more.

We really did get there at last. After we had kicked our heels for three weeks at Beira in the mildewed loggias of the Savoy Hotel (certainly as expensive as the other one in the Strand), a little five-hundred-ton coaster turned up from somewhere; likewise word from a plethoric individual with staff tabs, commanding that valises and camp kit should be on the jetty in about half

the number of minutes in which our little nigger boys could reasonably be expected to pack them. This to us, after three weeks of costly idleness.

We had learnt in those sweltering forenoons to drink syrupy liquids at Portuguese cafés; after lunch there was necessarily the siesta when the mosquitos allowed it; after dinner a cinema whereat Dago films of a far-away, pre-war epoch were shown nightly to a dense and viscous assemblage of ebon-haired and pallid señoritas and their saturnine cavaliers. Mostly our ancient allies, in the street and elsewhere, gave us the go-by, the cut direct, the Iberian eye in fact; but the handful of our countrymen in the place, Scots mostly, whom it pays your Mozambique commercial magnate to employ on the administrative side of his business, ran a tiny club, where they were kind to us, lent us newspapers, and encouraged us to monopolize their only billiard table. But here we were to see the last of Beira, and not be sorry about it either.

The scrabbly fringe of coconuts slipped by on our port quarter for a day and a night, the palms gave place to mangrove and an even more untidy scrub, the dull olive green of the ocean shallows grew yellow and turbid, we rocked at anchor in the very mouth of the mighty Zambesi, and were somehow not impressed. To me this was not surprising. Having aforetime been up and down the Niger in my adventurous youth, I was aware that the great rivers of the tropics, whose very names are a beacon and a reproach to home-keeping youth, never reveal themselves to the traveller who actually makes by some miracle of luck these long-dreamed-of landfalls, save by degrees only. Their genii are shy with strangers, and to introduce themselves with a flourish, a *coup d'œil* of any description whatever, would be unthinkable.

Anyway, there was Chinde. That, certainly, and no more. A mean little congeries of tin tabernacles squatter along the water's edge. The one imposing edifice in the place was (I think) the Consul's office. It had two stories and a dwarf flag-staff. Going ashore? Of course we were.

"This," said my host, a kind, languid, dried-up individual who fell upon my neck as that of a long-lost brother, demanding war news from me and a tantalus and syphon from his retinue in the same breath, "is indubitably the last place God made. There may be others (Queen Elizabeth, as we know, slept in many beds), but this is simply IT." He was a good chap, and so, I have no doubt, were most of his neighbors and pals in that tiny community, among the rest that naval officer who tore out in his launch a month ago to certain death because there was a dog's chance of saving a skipper and his wife in mid-river. I never knew my friend's name. I daresay he is dead, too.

For Chinde is gone. Torn asunder, smashed flat, whirled out to sea, the jumble of wreckage left over tangled feet deep beneath the mud, the whole tin township a chain of holes and quagmires. A tropic cyclone, like some winged Colossus of the upper firmament, has passed this way. Here is its dreadful spoor. The "Times" message from its Beira representative is very full, for a cable from those outlandish parts. But I do not suppose you would understand all its significance, and in my view it is not significant enough. What does "trolley lines suspended over mud-holes" mean?—just to dwell for a moment on a matter of detail. I will tell you. "Trolleys" in Chinde, as in Beira, were the only means of wheeled transport available. Our African roads hereabouts are not roads, but quicksands. There are no horses, no bicycles, no carts, just a light tramline running through the principal streets and right out (in Beira) to the residential quarter. Every private individual of any standing has his own trolley, which abides in the front garden. Two stout negroes lift it out on to the tramlines whenever you want it, and away you go with one before and one behind wherever you are bound for. We do not go in for such refinements as points, loops, or turn-tables, and to avoid collisions one simply pulls out and to one side, or at least those who are very literally our "shovels" do so.

But the wrecked trolley-system is nothing. There is nowhere to go if you be a citizen of Chinde, and still

alive. And there is that other road, the river. Everything gone here, too. Gone, they tell us, practically the whole flotilla of double-decked, light-draught stern-wheelers that were the sole link with Nyasaland, that great and thriving enclave whose southern extremity is reached via Chindio and the Shire Highlands Railway. I have done that trip twice on one of those fussing, chugging little craft that look more like tiny dredgers than anything else. One had a Roumanian captain with a name something like Tabasco, which indeed would have suited him very well. He had mossy, auburn hair like a Fijian's, kept the best cook in East Africa, and gabbed and gesticulated at my side throughout all the usual Zambezi hazards. How he harangued those niggers of his when we ran for the fortieth time on a sandbank! so hard on that occasion that it took the whole crew, up to their necks in the flood but oblivious of crocodiles, two hours to drag her bows off with a hawser. A great showman. He woke me up to show me an egret, motionless and erect like a slim white thread among the reeds. How excited he got when he introduced his first herd of hippos to my notice! How oddly they behaved too, for hippos as one had imagined them! River-horses, indeed! They were more like porpoises or seals, such an absurd color, moreover, a kind of strawberry pink as to their salient parts, ears, eyebrows, nostrils, and other Bardolphian protuberances which showed up above the water-line.

The cyclone, they say, came straight down river from the uplands. Heaven help them what craft must have been half way up or down. Not that Chinde would have been any sort of haven. There is indeed no such place. Honestly, had *you* ever heard of it?

ASHLEY GIBSON.

Reviews.

THE METHOD OF TCHEHOV.

The Schoolmaster; and Other Stories. By ANTON TCHEHOV. Translated by CONSTANCE GARNETT. (Chatto. 3s. 6d.)
The Cook's Wedding; and Other Stories. By ANTON TCHEHOV. Translated by CONSTANCE GARNETT. (Chatto. 3s. 6d.)

Now that Mrs. Garnett is nearing the end of her version of Tchehov it is time that we took stock of our obligations to her. She has translated the novels of Turgenev, Tolstoy, and Dostoevsky, and the tales and letters of Tchehov, into an English which we can all admire, with a fidelity to the original at which the most critical Russian cannot cavil. To her devotion it is due that the English-speaking nations possess the finest series of translations from the Russian in the world. They are better than the German, they are incomparably superior to the French. Because of their inferior versions the most enlightened French critics are even to-day groping in the dark to find the real significance of Dostoevsky and Tchehov. Not a word has been written in French on either of these authors that goes more than skin-deep. Dostoevsky is still what he was to de Vogué, the prophet of "the religion of suffering" and the author of "Crime and Punishment," while Tchehov is scarcely more substantial than a name.

This is not a simple matter of our having some good translations of good novels. Mrs. Garnett's translations from the Russian may definitely be compared to the epoch-making translations of the past—to North's *Plutarch* in the Elizabethan days, to Schlegel's translation from Shakespeare at the latter end of the German *Aufklärung*; they have revealed a new kingdom of the mind to us, and enabled us vicariously to explore a whole vista of the human consciousness that might otherwise have been unknown. We have read a new chapter of the book of life, and our spiritual possession of the great Russian writers of the nineteenth century as surely marks us off from the generations to whom they were unfamiliar as the assimilation of the doctrines of Darwin separated those generations from their fathers. What we shall make of our knowledge we cannot tell; at present all

our energies go to digesting it. But even now the critical standards are changing, though the creative powers are not yet concentrated; we have new standards of profundity and truth which alter our judgment of the past, our attitude to the present, and our expectation of the future.

That we owe to Mrs. Garnett. Without her we should doubtless have had translations. But isolated versions would have been only bewildering. Indeed, they were. "Crime and Punishment" had been in English after a fashion for nearly twenty years before Mrs. Garnett put her hand to it. Who made anything of it? It was too strange, too portentous. In the same way, when Tchehov's "Cherry Orchard" burst upon us, now eleven years ago, it seemed a queer and irrelevant fantasy. The secret was hidden from us. We grow accustomed to a new vision of life as to walking in the dark, slowly and with pains; plunged into it abruptly, we merely flounder and stumble. It was no good giving us the nineteenth-century Russians piecemeal; we needed the whole of them. To give us the whole was the work of a lifetime, to be surrendered with but the smallest hope of a commensurate reward. Mrs. Garnett made the sacrifice.

The latest of her gifts to us is Tchehov. With the twelfth of the little volumes we must be approaching the end. The gilt lettering on the early ones is already faded. But all are there. We have been faithful to the end. How many such series have we bravely begun to buy and fainted half way through! Of this not a volume is missing. Not one has been missed but it has been instantly replaced. Why is it? What is the cause of this unbroken enchantment, why does this spell never fail?

We fumble in our minds for the answer, and we fall back, half-despairingly, upon a simple and dangerous word. The stories of Tchehov seem to us more *real* than any other fictions that have been written. We are in danger of being left with only a word, unless we try to hammer a meaning out of it. To say that a work of literature is more *real* than another does not mean that it is finer. Not the least part of literary genius is the power to impose its assumptions and compel "that willing suspension of disbelief which constitutes poetic faith." "King Lear" is *real* in a sense, and so is "Jude the Obscure"; but they are differently *real* from the reality. In them we enter a created world which has been isolated from the world in which we live; it is a sublimation, a reconstruction of our own world. Now Tchehov's world does not appear to be that. Although it is wholly a Russian world, though the names, the places, the habits, and even the seasons are strange to us, it is still familiar; we feel we have only to go round the corner to find it. We should not find it, of course, but if we went to look we should come back persuaded that not the reality had failed us, but our eyes.

This overpowering impression of the common reality which Tchehov somehow manages to produce has nothing to do with "realism." Zola, great man though he was, never produced such an impression, Flaubert hardly ever; Tolstoy alone seems to have shared a part of Tchehov's secret. This impression of reality is overpowering, because it is enchanting. It seems that Tchehov, without restating or reconstructing life, reveals an utterly unsuspected beauty and freshness, so that we say to ourselves not only "This is life," but "This is Life." We are filled with a new zest for living, not, indeed, the animal *joie de vivre* so often preached to us by people who have none of it, but an eager desire that our stunted sensibility should put forth fresh roots into the life which surrounds us. And this is strange, for Tchehov passes for a grey and gloomy author among those who do not frequent him. If anything in particular happens to his characters, it is seldom anything good, and, indeed, to many of them the only good thing that could happen is that they should be born again, and born different, as Von Koren felt about Laevsky in "The Duel." For Tchehov makes a speciality of *nedotepas*—those rough-hewn misfits in life with whom he peopled "The Cherry Orchard." Tchehov is never impatient with them; nor are we, once we have passed under his spell. If we still think of comparing the society he shows us with that which we know, we may say that the *nedotepas* is more frequent in Russia than with ourselves; but we quickly learn to take no pride in the fact. We realize that we are less aware of being misfits simply because we are generally less aware; we are efficient,

if we are efficient, mainly because we run in blinkers. These people may be ineffectual and hopeless, but they are alive. It may be their tragedy that they respond too much, but when we have watched them through Tchehov's eyes we feel that it is a far greater tragedy not to respond at all.

So it turns out that even where Tchehov superficially seems discouraging he is invigorating. It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all, and we may say that many of Tchehov's characters are hopeless through excess of hope. But this so-called pessimism, which apparently causes many readers to stumble, is but one aspect of his work among many, a single manifestation of his larger genius. For Tchehov is for ever discerning life in the apparently lifeless. The tedious and the sordid thing turns in its sleep, it breathes, and is beautiful. In a haunting passage of his "Notebooks" Tchehov describes the magic of music in words which precisely render the effect of his own art:—

"Essentially all this is crude and meaningless, and romantic love appears as meaningless as an avalanche which involuntarily rolls down a mountain and overwhelms people. But when one listens to music, all this is—that some people lie in their graves and sleep, and that one woman is alive and, grey-headed, is now sitting in a box in the theatre, seems quiet and majestic—and the avalanche is no longer meaningless since in nature everything has a meaning. And everything is forgiven, and it would be strange not to forgive."

It is true of all great art that it lifts us up on thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls, so that we comprehend for a moment what is hidden from our daily eyes. In this magic Tchehov was an adept, but an adept in a new way. Other writers lift us to the height of comprehension in their own created worlds, but Tchehov, like the music he describes, seems to transmute the common reality. The scales drop from our eyes while we are looking at the reality itself, not at one refashioned by the artist.

We may find a clue to the quality we are seeking to define in the obvious fact that the most characteristic stories of Tchehov are not in any familiar sense stories at all. They are glimpses of the stream of life; they have an unmistakable unity, but they have no plot. This absence of plot is still bewildering to many. Names are coined for it. Tchehov's stories are said to be "stories of incident," although in some of the most remarkable of them many incidents are strung together on the thread of a single aesthetic impression. It would be simpler and more exact to call them Tchehov stories *tout court*, for evidently this persistent element of "plotlessness" in his work contains something essential. Not only do we find it invariably where his work makes the most vivid impression—to such a degree that we instinctively assign a story with a marked plot to his immaturity—but in his last, crowning work, "The Cherry Orchard," it is triumphantly carried over into (of all places) the theatre, where, had it not been done, it would have seemed utterly impossible. We have no choice, therefore, but to regard this elimination of plot, not as an accidental, but a deliberate and indispensable part of Tchehov's method.

Tchehov's breach with the classical tradition is the most significant event in modern literature. He was led to make it chiefly by his passionate desire for truth. He came immediately after Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, who had carried the accepted art of fiction to the extreme point of its possibilities, beyond which it seemed that advance was barred. He bowed to those great men, but he did not want to be like them. To create a world was, to him, almost a betrayal of the real world, partly because he was by training a scientist and influenced by a different standard of truth, partly because he realized that the energy necessary for the creation of an imaginary world could be supplied only by a kind of moral fervor. As he put it, the great novelists always had axes to grind; they were impelled by the desire to demonstrate something about life. Tchehov wanted to prove nothing, because he profoundly believed there was nothing to be proved. Life was neither good nor bad; it was simply Life, given, unique, irreducible. To change or reconstruct it for the purpose of representation was to take from

it the uniqueness which was its greatest beauty. He could not bring himself to impose finality upon the infinite.

Not that this attitude was absolute. It could not be. The artist is forced in some degree to choose and reconstruct. But Tchehov was, more than any writer before him, the servant and not the master of life. Many realists tried to be that, in vain, for it is impossible to be the willing servant of that which you do not love. The realists, to a man, have hated life; they have tried to indict it, and the general voice pronounces them ugly for their pains. But Tchehov adored life; he was overwhelmed by the beauty of the mere truth. And for this simple reason he was safe in trusting himself to it without the anchor of a plot or the compass of a moral. The nearer he came to the immediate reality which he perceived, the keener was his delight, for he saw that nothing in life was like anything else. No moment of the day but had its peculiar beauty "to make each special instant special blest," no person was without his inalienable distinctness. If he could render these he was content.

Those who are unaccustomed to Tchehov's vision find in it something unaccountable and paradoxical. He is faithful to life like no other writer; therefore his stories are not gay, they are full of frustrated hopes and wasted destinies. Yet even those who, looking upon the surface, regard him as depressing, feel a fascination for which they can discover no cause. They overlook the truth that no man can be faithful to life in this way—so different from the dogged desperation of the "realist"—without being devoted to it. The only means of knowing everything, as Tchehov seemed to know everything, even to the soul of a baby ("Grisha") and a dog ("Kashtanka"), is to love everything. And this almost ecstatic delight in the uniqueness of life is the prime condition of magic of style. It is not enough to see a thing to be able to describe it; one needs to be enchanted by its particularity. Only then does the shock of delight in the artist's vision reach to us, and only then do we receive what is the privilege of the truly great writer to give us—the gift of understanding and the gift of life. Tchehov gives us these gifts in a manner in which we can receive them; he does not require impossible acts of faith, or ask that we should be disloyal to our own intellects. Through the blank wall of bewilderment and pessimism he opens a little gate, discerned by no eye but his own. We follow him through it, and we see that life is indeed neither good nor bad, but simply beautiful, with a beauty in which "everything has a meaning, everything is forgiven, and it would be strange not to forgive."

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

"ANZAC."

Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-1918.
—Vol. I. *The Story of Anzac: the First Phase.* By C. E. W. BEAN. (Sydney: Angus & Robertson. 35s.)
The New Zealanders at Gallipoli. By Major FRED WAITE. D.S.O., N.Z.E. Second Edition. (Auckland: Whitcombe & Tombs.)

MR. BEAN was from the first marked out as the official historian of Australia's service during the war, and no better man could possibly have been chosen. His accurate knowledge, his sober judgment, and his indefatigable energy, combined with great courage and an amazing power of endurance, proved him to be the right man. I have often heard generals in high position exclaim (in admiration): "What a staff officer he would have made!" His memory of dates and incidents was remarkable, and I have never met a man with a surer instinct for country. I believe he knew every crook and cranny of that difficult and complicated patch of precipices, gullies, and scrub properly called Anzac as well as his pocket. And though he was seriously wounded during the great attempt known as "Suvla Bay," he stayed at his post, and in a few weeks knew the equally terrible country up to the "Farm" and the "Apex" and the slopes of Chunuk Bair

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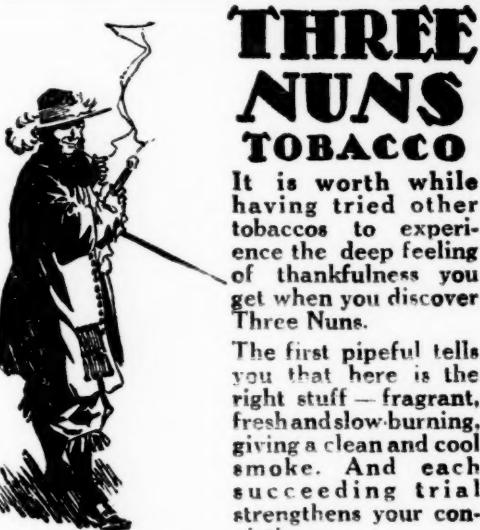
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almost equally well. Perhaps I need not speak of his other attractive qualities—his modesty, his generous assistance to all men and colleagues, and a temper unruffled except when the honor due to his beloved Australians appeared to be disregarded, as sometimes happened when I knew him three years later in France. As for his power of writing, that had been established by his previous books, "On the Wool Track" and "The Dreadnought of the Darling."

It is natural that the Dardanelles campaign should have attracted many writers, for it was a drama (a tragic drama) set in surroundings of unequalled historic interest, and the protagonist battling with adversity was a man of knightly courage and most attractive nature. So, besides Sir Ian Hamilton's own "Gallipoli Diary" and the two Reports of the Dardanelles Commission, we have General Callwell's military account, "The Dardanelles"; John Masefield's epic of "Gallipoli"; "Australia in Arms," by my friend young Schuler, who was killed in France; my own "Dardanelles Campaign," two German books, and a large number of volumes dealing with special phases or incidents. Mr. Bean's volume also deals with a special phase—the Australian service, necessarily in part including the New Zealand. But nothing on this scale has been attempted before. The present volume covers the formation of the Australian force, its passage to Egypt (including the destruction of the Enden), its preparation in Egypt, the first landing, and the first ten days ashore. It runs to more than 650 pages, and of these at least 250 are given to an account of the first day upon the Peninsula. No task could be more trying for any historian than to unravel the confused complexity of that amazing feat of arms—the landing by night, with the inevitable errors, the wild, storming rush by mixed or separate parties of heroic youths into those unknown cliffs and devious ravines which afterwards became so familiar and so distinctly named. No other history of that terrible day will ever be written so exhaustive and minutely accurate as this. It is a marvel of laborious research and arrangement. But one cannot help wondering how, upon this scale, the history of Anzac and the three subsequent years can possibly be completed even in eight volumes. Why, the attack of August 6th will almost demand a volume to itself!

I need not say that the illustrations and copious maps are excellent. Having "an eye for country," Mr. Bean possesses a natural genius for map-making and selecting the spots for photographs. There are also an admirable index and glossary, together with a most useful explanation of all the military abbreviations that worry the civilian brain. Everything possible has been done to make so vast an undertaking complete. The style is plain and straightforward, entirely free from rhetoric, seldom showing the least touch of emotion or poetic influence. There is hardly a hint at indignation, unless it be in this brief paragraph, after the Government's belated decision to convert the attack upon the Dardanelles into a military campaign:—

"So, through a Churchill's excess of imagination, a layman's ignorance of artillery, and the fatal power of a young enthusiasm to convince older and slower brains, the tragedy of Gallipoli was born."

The characteristics of the chief officers in the Australian corps are admirably described, as, for instance, those of the stern and brusque General Bridges, the first commandant, and Cyril White (then Colonel), his Chief of Staff, who, I think, has never received the public recognition due to his real genius for strategy. General Birdwood, the universal favorite, is, of course, there, and my very gallant schoolmate General H. B. Walker; and Quinn, who before his death at his famous "post" had given a lasting name to that position of terror; and Colonel Malone, "the bravest of the brave," who succeeded Quinn upon his perilous height, and was killed while quietly marking out a trench on the very summit of the Chunuk Bair ridge that day when we nearly gained it. "War," he used to tell me, "consists in the cultivation of the domestic virtues," and in carefully cultivating the domestic virtue of calm in a period of storm, he died. I am glad to see that, finely patriotic for Australia though he is, Mr. Bean

agrees with me that so much has been made of the Australian valor as rather to obscure the unsurpassed gallantry of the British troops at Helles that first day; especially, of course, the gallantry of the leading battalions in the 29th Division. As to the immediate causes of the failure at both points of the first assaults, Mr. Bean tentatively suggests that the objectives given were too remote:—

"The main reason for the failure of the plans, both at Helles and Anzac, was the enormous extent of the objectives which were set for the covering force, and the contempt in which the Turkish army was held by those who made the plans. Walking over the heights of Ari Burnu four years after the landing, a Turkish staff officer said: 'It would have been almost impossible to reach those objectives even in an operation of peace time.' The aims at Cape Helles were even more inflated. . . . As Colonel White and possibly a few others realized before landing, it needed 150,000 men to effect at that time what Hamilton sought to do with 70,000. The exaggerated scope of the objectives and the under-estimate of the Turks, though due to optimism inherent in the British character, would probably have been avoided had there been time to study the matter adequately."

He attributes much of the failure also, as others have done, to the fallacy of Mr. Churchill's theories about the power of naval guns against land entrenchments; and he thinks that if two fresh divisions had been thrown in at Gaba Tepe (just south of Anzac) at dawn at the time of the first landing, the commanding heights round Chunuk Bair might have been captured at once. It will remain a subject of controversy. The beach near Gaba Tepe was as strongly wired as the landings at Helles, and I doubt if there was room upon that open bit of coast for two divisions to land simultaneously. But Mr. Bean has, probably, consulted the Anzac officers, and his own opinion counts high.

Every New Zealander and all who were present with that fine force, which developed later into a division, will welcome a second edition of Major Waite's excellent volume, which, in little over 300 pages, tells the story of the New Zealanders on Gallipoli. Though it has prefaces by Sir Ian Hamilton and General Birdwood, it is not an official history. That, I suppose, is being slowly written by Mr. Malcolm Ross, who was to the New Zealanders what Mr. Bean was to the Australians. Major Waite's book is one of a series of four dealing with the New Zealand service during the war, the other three taking France, Palestine, and minor campaigns. It is well illustrated, and contains admirable maps and explanations, but no index. The author, who is evidently a man of wide and genial interests, has covered the ground of the very difficult and involved campaign with great accuracy and skilful condensation.

H. W. NEVINSON.

MASEFIELD AND RACINE.

Esther: a Tragedy. Adapted and partially translated from the French of JEAN RACINE. By JOHN MASEFIELD. (Heinemann. 2s. 6d.)

THAT Mr. Masefield, the modern, the English, the romantic, should dress himself up in the formal peruke and stiff costume of Racine, the classicist, the foreign in spirit as in race, is an experiment to set all the literary tongues wagging. That he should select a lesser star ("Esther" is unquestionably inferior to "Phèdre" or "Athalie") of the dramatist of the "Roi Soleil," and that he should make a faithful, almost a literal translation of some portions, entirely rewrite others, and interpolate a whole new act of his own, opens an area of speculation dwarfing any upon so minor an event as a General Election. But we suddenly remember that this is exactly the kind of thing that Shakespeare and his fellows used to do—what is Shakespeare but new wine in old bottles?—and so Mr. Masefield is merely reviving a convenient old custom, sanctified not so much by tradition as its overwhelming success.

Once more to the breach, dear friends, says Mr. Masefield, and see if we cannot put some life into this wandering, commonplace, twice-told, barbarous old chronicle of a

SUBMERGED IN ONE GREAT TIDE OF CALAMITY.

These words were used of the thousands of Russian refugees who fled before the Armies in 1915-1916. Many of them found hospitality in Buzuluk in the Province of Samara, where the peasants, themselves in great need, gave what succour they were able to those homeless victims of Allied strategy.

TO-DAY THE POSITION IS REVERSED.

During the years 1915-1921 the people of Samara helped the Allies by sheltering refugees expelled from their homes in Western Russia, feeding them from the produce of their own lands. The people of Samara to-day are starving, hundreds of thousands of simple peasants are literally in danger of extinction owing to the drought, the devastation caused by advancing or retiring armies, and other consequences of seven years war.

WE CANNOT REFUSE TO HELP THOSE WHO HELPED US.

Common humanity, common gratitude, and common sense unite in urging that we should go at once to the aid of Starving Russia. An area as large as England and Wales is affected by the famine. More than 30 million souls are involved, 20 million of whom are on the verge of starvation. We have men and women working in the stricken areas, taking food, clothing, and comfort to the famine victims. They are compelled to refuse help to famished people for lack of supplies. They look to us to support them by sending goods. We must not fail them. Send all you can at once.

FIFTEEN SHILLINGS WILL SAVE A LIFE

This appeal is issued by the Friends' Relief Committee which is co-operating with the Save the Children Fund and the Russian Famine Relief Fund in the All-British Appeal for the Russian Famine. Donations, which may, if desired, be earmarked for any of these three Funds, should be sent to the Russian Famine Relief Fund, Room 9, General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C.4.

Gifts in kind and clothes (new or partly worn) may be sent to the Friends' Warehouse, 5, New Street Hill, London, E.C.4.

haggard and hoodwinked Oriental potentate, of conventional murder and intrigue, and of a fierce and cunning exiled people who got their own back and more, as they always do. Mr. Masefield, in his translator's part, has simplified and tightened up the processional periods of the Frenchman without giving us any more than a readable English version of a rather ponderous, old-fashioned, heroic drama. We might be reading a modernization of "Albumazar" or one of its kin, and reflecting how much better Dryden looks in our clothes than Chaucer looked in his. The Masefield-Racine-Bible "Esther," in short, engages us not because of Esther, or Racine, or the Bible, but of Mr. Masefield. The very fidelity of the translated portions shows up Mr. Masefield's own hand so plainly that its imaginative grasp can be felt without consulting the original. Act II. is neither in Racine nor the Bible, whose only suggestion to Mr. Masefield is a simple verse: "On that night could not the King sleep, and he commanded to bring the book of Records of the Chronicles; and they were read before the King." The reading of the Records which remind Ahasuerus of Mordecai's services, and thus sow the seed of Haman's undoing, is essential to the action, but only, as they say, "on a point of order." Mr. Masefield's poetic sprite pricks its ears and asks why the King could not sleep, and Act II. is the answer from the opening soliloquy on his couch—

" . . . not a footstep stirs
Save the slow sentry on the palace wall.
No glow of light is in the eastern heaven;
The barren, dwindled moon her ruddy horn
Heaves o'er the tree-tops; it is midnight, sure.
I see Orion falling, and the Dog
Bright at his heels. Deep midnight. Not a sound,
Save the most patient mouse that gnaws the wainscot" —

to the summons for the Chaldeans to read the Records. In between are painted with bold, free strokes the night-terrors of Ahasuerus, haunted by the shadows of his past crimes:—

" . . . I do not like that corner:
Is the thing there? The shadow on the wall
Is like the black head of an African
Thrown back in mockery, and it seems to move—
To move a little forward. It is but shadow,"

and by his fears of the subtle Jew creeping up the Palace stairs. His talk with the Captain of his Guards, who diverts his mind by tales of travel; his sleep, his dream that he is being strangled, and gasping awakening, are beyond not so much the power as the scope of Racine and his convention, as still more are the touches of modern sympathy, knowing no bounds and recognizing no inhibitions, with the kingly burdens and its inhuman necessities—"it is so difficult to be a king." The time for the King's sleeping is the day—when Act III. brings Racine back from the wings.

The songs of the Jewish chorus of handmaidens are Mr. Masefield's second originality. Here, too, an idea has sprung to the modern poet's mind, like a beam of light piercing a chink in the dreary palace of Shushan—the idea of homesickness, a theme which has been even more fertile for the poet than that of the transitoriness of beauty, because it is the womb of greater births. The deliverance song—

" Bountiful mercy of our guardian God,
O star in darkness, O white light of dawn,
After the night; O blessed touch of rain,
Changing the desert's salty sand to flowers;
O well of water in the blinding heat,
When even the asp goes mad; O shining city
Seen by the footsore after hours of travel;
O land, that far away, beyond wild water,
Gleams out at evening; O port of peace
After the sea; we thank Thee for this mercy" —

and the lamentations in the first Act break right out of Racine's paddock, or rather, circus ring, with its pacing solemnities and ornate gear, "Treading stately, but so lightly that they never break the flower" in the open plain. Mr. Masefield's "Esther" is extraordinarily interesting simply as a peep behind the scenes, a revelation of the poetic mind in its workshop. It plods diligently and faithfully in the task appointed, when suddenly it jumps, knocks the toolbox over, and starts making something out of the dust on the floor.

MARRIAGE AND THE FUTURE.

Sex and Common Sense. By A. MAUDE ROYDEN. (Hurst & Blackett. 4s. 6d.)

As everyone knows, Miss Royden is a popular preacher, with a large and admiring following. From this book one realizes that such a success is in the inevitable nature of things. For Miss Royden expresses herself with a clearness, a frankness, a degree of intimacy, and a reasonableness which are as rare among preachers as in Victorian drawing-rooms. This book is bound to have a beneficent influence in the broadening of narrow minds and in increasing charity among the uncharitable. The writer takes normal "human nature" as she finds it, and she takes it all. She has no use for those who think it is a matter for boast that they are immune from the impulses of sex. To Miss Royden these people are but irrelevant and stagnant "outsiders." The book should be a very light in the suburbs; and, for the type of reader which that term suggests, it is unthinkable that anyone could have written a better or more useful book on the subject. Such puzzling details to the unimaginative as the correct conduct on the wedding night are here treated with an ingenuous helpfulness such as one might bestow on a *nouveau riche* about to dine at the table of the great. If Miss Royden were not so intelligent, so direct, and, on the whole, so sound, at times there would be in her attitude to the whole subject a considerable risk of occasional lapses into messiness. It is very greatly to her credit that she successfully avoids these pitfalls, if often by a hair's breadth. And all the time one should bear in mind the simple and elementary psychology of a large proportion of the readers who are calculated to profit by this book. Too much dignity would have kept the writer remote. Subtle allusiveness would have merely puzzled the conventional souls now first glancing cautiously towards the light.

"Sex and Common Sense" sets out to consider the relations between men and women, spiritual and physical, from the point of view of a true morality. And by a true morality Miss Royden means the observance, not of any code based on custom, tradition, or convention, but of laws which can be recognized as part of normal human nature, laws to obey which is perfect freedom. Her defence of monogamy and of marriage is based on an analysis and estimate of human nature as she conceives it and has observed it. And she points out that human nature is, as the conventional classification goes, mental, spiritual, and physical. She rightly says that a moral standard based on the assumption either that we have no body or that we have no spirit inevitably entails suffering and harm for the few who endeavor to act up to it, and will necessarily be disregarded by the overwhelming many. A moral standard, if intelligent people are to observe it, must strike them both as just and as reasonable.

The authoress's advice to the married and to those about to marry is, on the whole, excellent and sound. Her treatment of the general problems involved in the satisfaction, repression, or sublimation of the sexual and maternal impulses is, however, by no means so adequate. There is throughout the book a spontaneous or studied air of kindly tolerance towards, and sympathetic understanding of, those who do not share the writer's conclusions. But serious advocates of heterogamy will scarcely accept this kindly attitude as a substitute for a just statement of their position.

It is, of course, certain that, if morality is to be rightly based on the facts of human nature, free from all arbitrary conventions, human or divine, no one form of sexual relationship is suitable or applicable to all. Few people, whatever views they may entertain as to the ideal conditions under which the highest forms of sexual love may best manifest themselves, will seriously dispute that monogamy and formal marriage constitute a frame most suitable to define the conditions of sexual relations for the great majority of people—in Europe, at all events. Polygamy, as a system of general applicability, may be put aside by reason of numerical impossibility, if of nothing else. But the eternal and universal desirability of the family unit, as we at present know it, is by no means so obvious. Indeed, it would be safe to say that if the two millions excess of women over men in this country continues, the family system, in its narrower sense, is doomed. By no appeal to the facts of human nature

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or of pure reason can so enormous a proportion of our people be denied the legitimate satisfaction of what Miss Royden agrees is far and away the greatest impulse of normal women—the racially creative impulse. None of us need look far to see for ourselves the deplorable effect which the repression of this primordial impulse has upon the average woman. Spiritual geniuses may, and, indeed, often do, succeed in sublimating it in satisfying and socially ennobling ways; and it is to St. Catherine and St. Theresa that the writer of this book refers her readers as showing how best they may divert the insistent pull of nature. One does not need to be very cynical to mistrust the universal effectiveness of such an appeal.

AN OLD MAID.

The Life and Death of Harriett Frean. By MAY SINCLAIR. (Collins. 6s.)

IN "The Life and Death of Harriett Frean" Miss Sinclair has written the story of a maiden lady. When Harriett Frean was a little girl she lived at home with papa and mamma. She loved them more than anyone else in the world, more than herself, and always tried to please them. When she was old she was operated on for cancer and died, and she thought that the ice-bag in her bed was a dead baby. And that was the result of attempting to live beautifully. Not quite the whole result, however. Miss Sinclair is not so encouraging as that. A harmless life, culminating in a painful death, would be too happy a fate for a maiden lady who tried, innocent of the subconscious, to live beautifully. No, Harriett in her quiet way had done a great deal of harm. To begin with, she would not marry the young man who was engaged to her friend Prissie. He wanted to jilt Prissie and marry Harriett instead. But Prissie loved Harriett as well as Robin, and Harriett felt that she could not rob poor, plain Prissie of her happiness. As it happened, there was only misery in store for Prissie. Miss Sinclair seems to think this the inevitable result of a marriage without equal love on both sides. So far as our experience goes, however, we have noticed that if a man does not marry one woman whom he loves, he can be quite sufficiently happy with another.

Robin was not so fortunate. His was an obstinate love; but, like Harriett, he tried to behave beautifully and never to let Prissie know that he had ranged away from her. Prissie's subconscious self found out the truth, however, and she developed a kind of hysterical paralysis just to chain him to her by pity. And after he had behaved beautifully to her for about twenty years, she died, and he married the woman who had nursed her at the end. By this time self-sacrifice and persistent gentleness had turned Robin into a particularly crusty, bogus invalid, who insisted upon having soup and sweetbreads at 11 a.m. And his second wife is yet another victim of Harriett Frean's ideal of beautiful behavior. All these indirect results of virtue may be considered to be scored by Harriett above the line, but the tricks must be counted now as well. Chief of these is the servant's baby. Harriett had decided that "the beautiful thing to do would be to take Maggie back and let her have the baby with her, since she couldn't leave it." But Harriett couldn't bear the sight of the baby, so she dismissed Maggie for leaving flue under the bed, and Maggie put the baby out to nurse, and the baby died, and then Maggie went back to Harriett and did her sweeping better.

For all its cleverness in design, "The Life and Death of Harriett Frean" is an empty, as well as a brief, story. We feel that we are starved of the mid-Victorian world that sends us so many comical and pathetic echoes. Miss Sinclair does not let us live in it. This is not because she has pruned away all but the stem of her story; it is because she has imagined too little about her characters. Neither Harriett's father nor her mother, neither Prissie nor Robin, nor any of Harriett's old friends take vivid human form before our eyes. Short as the book is, we cannot recollect the surnames of Lizzie and Sarah, nor tell which is which without looking back. Miss Sinclair has not the gift of describing people as she has of describing places. She can make an old, white-painted house appear before us, or a lane bordered with cow

parsley and rose campion; but when she wants to make us see a young man this is how she describes him:—

"He was tall, slender-waisted, wide-shouldered; he had a square, very white forehead; his brown hair was parted on one side, half curling at the tips above his ears. His eyes—thin, black crystal, shining, turning, showing speckles of brown and grey; perfectly set under straight eyebrows laid very black on the white skin. His round pouting chin had a dent in it. The face in between was thin and irregular; the nose straight and serious and rather long in profile, with a dip and a rise at three-quarters; in full face straight again, but shortened. His eyes had another meaning, deeper and steadier than his fine, slender mouth; but it was the mouth that made you look at him. One arch of the bow was higher than the other; now and then it quivered with an uneven, sensitive movement of its own."

This, we submit, gives the impression of a glass jar filled with mincemeat, rather than of a human face.

It is from superficiality rather than from any technical flaw that the book suffers most, however. It is a failure of sympathy that we detect in Miss Sinclair. Harriett, with her conceit and prim refinement, moves through the book, a hated shadow—hated and never wholly understood by her creator. We feel that Miss Sinclair is unjust to her, and injustice is the result of a lack of profundity. Miss Sinclair is equally superficial in her study of youth. She espouses something that she fancies to be the cause of youth, without considering that she may be espousing only exceptionally gross insensitiveness and bad manners. Here is a conversation between Miss Frean in her sixties and Robin's youthful niece, who comes to announce her engagement:—

"But, my dear," says Miss Frean, "you told me that he was going to marry your little friend Amy—Amy Lambert. What does Amy say to it?"

"What can she say? I know it's a bit rough on her—"

"You know, and yet you'll take your happiness at the poor child's expense."

"We've got to. We can't do anything else."

"Oh, my dear—" If she could stop it. . . . An inspiration came. "I knew a girl once who might have done what you're doing, only she wouldn't. She gave the man up rather than hurt her friend. She couldn't do anything else."

"How much was he in love with her?"

"I don't know *how much*. He was never in love with any other woman."

"Then she was a fool. A silly fool. Didn't she think of him? . . . No, she thought of herself. Of her own moral beauty. She was a selfish fool. . . . Then it was you. You and Uncle Robin and Aunt Priscilla. . . . You sacrificed him to somebody else's (idea). You made three people miserable just for that. Four, if you count Aunt Beattie."

Really neither life nor conversation is quite so simple an affair as this. People—civilized and pleasant people—may snatch their happiness through the iron gates; but they do not set about it without scruple or accept their happiness without regret. When Roda speaks of the selfishness of moral beauty she is merely talking inverted cant. Why is it more selfish to sacrifice the body to an ideal of conduct than to sacrifice an ideal of conduct to the body? We want more bushes as regards both speech and conduct than Miss Sinclair allows us in Harriett Frean, and more beating about them. Will not death eventually make Roda's rigorous crudity seem as futile as Harriett's self-abnegation? Is not all life futile contrasted with the dream of life?

A triumph, however, Miss Sinclair has achieved in these pages. She has made of a long, indubitably dull life a thing so interesting as to be positively exciting. She has transformed a novel of character, of one character, into a novel of action.

Books in Brief.

Some Contemporary Novelists (Men). By R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. (Parsons. 6s.)

WHAT, we were tempted to ask, is Mr. E. M. Forster doing in this boat with Mr. Cannan, Mr. Walpole, Mr. W. L. George, and Mr. Compton Mackenzie? And Mr. Swinnerton, Mr. D. L. Lawrence, and Mr. J. D. Beresford may also feel a little embarrassed. But they have small need for anxiety. It is not really a book of comparisons, and Mr. Johnson's only thesis is the mild one that we have a number of young novelists of promise who have their views of life, as young men always have had. It is presented with more ornament than that, but its meaning is the same. When it comes to judging

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The twenty-fourth ordinary general meeting of the London and Thames Haven Oil Wharves, Ltd., was held on March 28th, at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C. Sir Owen Philipps, G.C.M.G., M.P. (the chairman), presiding, said: Our business has been steadily developed, and is now on an enormous scale compared with what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago. The accounts now presented to you show clearly that the financial position of the company is both sound and satisfactory. After making ample provision for depreciation, the profits available at the end of the year under review are £18,000 more than at the close of 1920. We recommend the payment of the same dividend as for the past three years, namely, 10 per cent., free of tax; again adding the sum of £25,000 to reserve, and placing £10,000 to our employees' benevolent and superannuation fund. We propose that the balance remaining of £61,200 be carried forward, as against £55,050 last year. It is, I consider, very satisfactory that we have been able to build up our reserve fund to the substantial figure of £300,000, or only £57,500 less than our present paid-up capital.

I am sure you will approve the grant of £10,000 which we propose to make to our employees' benevolent and superannuation fund. (Hear, hear.) The excellent results to which I have referred are undoubtedly in part due to the fact that we have been loyally and faithfully served by all sections of our employees. (Hear, hear.) I think it is only appropriate, now that the general position of the company's affairs is so satisfactory, that we should make this tangible recognition of the interests of those who have stood by us and served us so long and so well.

The report was unanimously adopted.
Sir Owen Philipps, the retiring director, was re-elected, and Messrs. Fookes, Hickman and Co. were reappointed auditors.

WHAT OUR READERS THINK.

"I would not miss your splendid paper for worlds!"

Miss S.,
Ashburton, Devon.

April 1st, 1922.

Mr. Johnson's own estimates, criticism throws up its hands. We are glad he himself sees it is largely a matter of taste. Two samples will do. Mr. Johnson has "unqualified admiration" for the work of Mr. Cannan: "Somewhat remorseless, a little cynical, and often brutally outspoken, yet he reveals faith in happiness and beauty. For him, ultimately, the adventure counts, the highest spirituality conquers, and is worth while." So Mr. Swinnerton may feel a trifle nervous when the same voice informs him that he has "greater promise than any other of his contemporaries." He has not "the godlike immensity of George Meredith; . . . he has not the sixth nature-sense of Thomas Hardy, reading the riddle of Mother Earth. He has not the fine-spun subtlety of Henry James, that great citizen of the world." But, after all these negatives, he has something. "He has spoken for eternal youth, and is the greatest artist among his immediate contemporaries." Just matters of temperament and taste, you observe. Yet there are many things sensibly said here. Mr. Johnson's apt criticism of Mr. Lawrence's obsessions springs from a knowledge of letters and of life, and surprises one amid miss-shots such as those we have instanced.

* * *

Under the Searchlight. By VIOLET DOUGLAS-PENNANT. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

DESCRIBING the finding of Lord Wrenbury's Committee as a "triumph of perjury and misrepresentation," Miss Violet Douglas-Pennant demands a public reconsideration of her case against the Air Ministry. Her indictment is a formidable one, and the clarity of its presentation carries conviction at least in the honesty of her belief that there was a conspiracy against her in her attempt to clean what she regarded as an Augean stable. In April, 1918, she was invited, on the strength of her ability as an organizer, to become Commandant of the Women's Royal Air Force. She was beset with difficulties, doubly increased by subordinates and colleagues failing to collaborate. She found jobbery at work at the headquarters of the W.R.A.F., and she alleges that it was her attempts at reform that brought about the conspiracy against her. In August, 1918, she asked leave to resign the post, since she "could not continue working against such odds." This permission was refused, but ten days later she was summarily dismissed. The reason given was that she was "grossly unpopular" among those with whom she worked. After agitation by herself and her friends for more than a year, a Select Committee of the House of Lords was appointed to inquire into her dismissal. Miss Douglas-Pennant endeavored to prove that there was an intrigue against her, but as a result of the inquiry the Committee exonerated the Air Ministry. No one suggests now that Miss Douglas-Pennant was not doing her utmost to make the W.R.A.F. an efficient force. That she was unpopular with certain officials can readily be believed. The evidence of some of the witnesses is an interesting revelation to the public of the kind of mind that won the war.

* * *

The General Eyre. By W. C. BOLLAND. (Cambridge University Press. 6s.)

THIS delightful little book has an importance far beyond its size. In ninety-odd compact pages Mr. Bolland, by now our highest living expert on matters of medieval justice, has contrived to paint a living picture of the work done for more than two centuries by the King's Justices in Eyre. Only an expert historian will know how difficult his work must have been. Most of its results are based upon unpublished records which Mr. Bolland has himself brought to light. And they are neatly related to the complicated systems of local jurisdictions with which they have connection. But hardly less important than the results is the way in which Mr. Bolland has attained them. Medieval man is not an abstraction to him. He is poor old William de Leyre, "flustered and nervous" when he has to present his Sheriff's rolls, or John of Hanton, from whose head fourteen pieces of bone had to be removed after an assault. And we have a picture of justice done in the grand manner, as when Herle, C.J., imprisons a poor juror for evading the need for unanimity. Probably, as Professor Hazeltine remarks in an interesting preface, Mr. Bolland somewhat exaggerates the fiscal

importance of the eyre; much more elaborate calculations would be needed than he gives to justify his perspective. But the book is a model of presentation; and it deserves a far wider audience than it is probably destined to receive.

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The Drama.

MISS COMPTON'S TRIUMPH.

"I CLASS the laughter produced by conventional farcical comedy as purely galvanic, and the inference drawn by the audience, that since they are laughing they must be amused, or edified, or pleased, as a delusion." So Mr. Shaw wrote some twenty-five years ago in a famous article on "The Farcical Comedy Outbreak," and at once owned that what he had written was rather severe. His words contain a truth, all the same, which critics should not forget. In a healthy condition of the theatre a farcical comedy is a legitimate frolic, like a fancy ball in the life of a serious man. But when you are getting so few chances of laughing at wit or humor you tend to feel a little angry when, as during "Other People's Worries" at the Comedy, you catch yourself roaring at mere farcicality. Mr. R. C. Carton, you feel, ought to do better for you, since there is so much he can do. Laugh, of course, you cannot help when you see Mr. C. M. Lowne, delightfully made up for a sort of John Wilson Croker character, furiously quarrelling with a peppery ex-officer across the sinking form of a private-inquiry agent prostrated by influenza. Laugh, again, you must when Mr. Forrester Harvey, as a variety "comic," arrives to sing at the charity concert at Sir William Conroy's mansion and exchanges badinage with Miss Compton in the rôle of Lady Conroy. It is certainly a "scream"; but is it anything worthier?

Well, the occurrence of Miss Compton's name gives one pause. Where she is, farce is lifted at once to comedy. Did Mr. Carton write this part for her? If he did not do it deliberately, his subconsciousness must have known for whom it was. For he has given Lady Conroy practically all the witty lines in his piece, surely because he foreknew what effect Miss Compton would give to them. She has indeed made a wonderful study of the shrewd, hard-hitting old aristocrat. To realize its subtlety one has only to watch her expression as she sits on the sofa in colloquy with the low comedian. Her radiant enjoyment of all the complex elements in the situation—his slang and the saliency of his character, the anomaly of his presence in her drawing-room, and her own perfect command of the position—is really true psychology. A commonplace actress would have shown nothing but contempt or bitter irony. Miss Compton lets you see everything that would in fact pass through the mind of such an intelligent and high-bred old dame as Lady Conroy. Understanding all this, she understands how to deliver her fearful thrusts of frankness at the troublesome crowd, which, thanks to her husband's weak kindness, brings all its worries to be shared at her house. She scrupulously avoids the epigrammatic point and flourish that would make her shafts insolent or wounding. The damning things drop out with such naturalness that they pass—as though Truth herself had spoken without the shadow of prejudice. The victim wilts under them; it is not worth while trying to deny what even to him or her is henceforth obvious. It is not even possible to be angry with Lady Conroy; her smile is too sunny and ingenuous.



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ARTHUR WATSON, General Manager.

As the restless flirt and fuser Mrs. Ryecroft, Miss Athene Seyler has the task of playing foil to Lady Conroy's imperturbability. She it is who brings all the worries to roost at the Conroys' Mayfair abode because she can leave nothing and nobody (especially nobody in trousers) alone and happy. The character is not very skilfully worked out; perhaps that is why Miss Seyler for once was disappointing. She seemed to us to give an extremely mannered performance—exaggerating perhaps in order to fill up the vacuities of the part. Yet she had a pathetic moment or two which were worthy of her, and proved how wasted she is in farcical comedy. We must add that Miss Mercia Cameron makes a brilliant little sketch, at once ludicrous and infinitely pathetic, of the poor young lady who arrives at the concert to recite Browning; and also implore Mr. Carton to remove from Major Ryecroft's part the odious joke about his being "gassed" in the war. If audiences can be found to snigger at such allusions, a dramatist of Mr. Carton's standing should be proud to deprive them of the opportunity.

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D. L. M.

Science.

KENTUCKY BANS EVOLUTION.

THE Kentucky Legislature has now before it a bill to prohibit the teaching of Evolution in any State-aided school, college, or university; and, if one may judge by the prominence given to the matter in "Science," the leading American scientific weekly, and by the number of telegrams and letters of protest which have been dispatched by scientific men and bodies in other States of the Union, it appears that the bill is regarded as serious and has a real chance of becoming law.

To the average educated Englishman the fact will doubtless seem unbelievable. For him the whole question is by now a mere matter of history, settled a full generation back. The idea of Evolution, after the bitterness of the first fifteen or twenty years following the publication of the "Origin of Species" had passed away, took its place as part of the recognized foundations of his thought; the possibility that the controversy could be reopened in such drastic form never entered his head.

When, however, one has lived in America for a few years, particularly in one of the Western States, one experiences less surprise. I well remember, one spring day in Southern Texas, a pupil of mine coming in with an account of a conversation overheard in the street-car with reference to some public lectures on Evolution which had been recently delivered by my assistant on the biological staff. There was a large religious Convention—of what particular denomination I forget—in progress in the town, and a local lady delegate was explaining to a visiting lady delegate, with much unctuous emphasis, how she had been out to the Institute to hear Mr. Blank—"such a nice-looking young man, my dear! . . . and the remarkable thing is he *really* seemed to believe in Evolution! . . . I couldn't help thinking what a pity it was that he was *damned*. . . ."

Only a few years previously, a representative assembly of all the various Christian sects (of which there are even more in Texas than over here) had sent a petition to the State Legislature demanding the withdrawal of a certain school text-book which had gone so far as to assert that the facts of geology on the whole supported the evolutionary idea.

It was, therefore, with little surprise, but a good deal of interest, that I looked over the provisos of the bill now awaiting the consideration of the legislators of Kentucky. It begins well: the title runs "An Act to prohibit the teaching, in public schools and other public institutions of learning, of Darwinism, atheism, agnosticism, or evolution as it pertains to the origin of man." "Darwinism, atheism, agnosticism, or evolution"—what would Canon Barnes say!

If the bill becomes law, anyone teaching "Darwinism, atheism," &c., or permitting it to be taught, shall be liable to a fine of \$50 to \$5,000; or to be "confined in the county jail not less than ten days nor more than twelve months"; or both. Furthermore, any institution which shall willingly or knowingly permit such teaching shall forfeit its charter and be fined any sum not exceeding \$5,000.

This agitation against *freie Wissenschaft und freie Lehre* has, it appears, been going on for some time, fostered almost entirely by "ministers of several of the Protestant denominations" (I quote from "Science"), prominent among whom have been the Baptists. Recently their chief leader, Dr. Porter, Baptist minister in Lexington, has been publicly patted on the back by no less a personage than William Jennings Bryan, that egregious and eloquent Democrat whose repeated failures to reach the Presidency testify to the sound instincts and "horse-sense" of the average American voter. One sentence from his letter deserves to be quoted: "The agnostics who are undermining the faith of our students will be glad enough to teach anything the people want taught when the people speak with emphasis."

Here is one of the great problems of democracy in a nutshell. Without in the least decrying human nature, it is obvious that the average man believes what he likes to believe. If this happens to coincide with what is true, *tant mieux*; if it does not, *tant pis!* The "divine gift of reason" turns out, in the great majority of cases, to have for its chief function (biologically a most important one, to be sure) that of persuading us that what we like to believe is true.

There are, however, a small minority of human beings to whom truth is paramount; it is they who spend their lives in study, in research, in following out the implications of the facts which they discover. Strange to say, it proves in the long run that it pays, both materially and morally, to take account of this truth; but meanwhile there is always a lag, always friction, before the new facts or the new aspects of truth can become embodied in the common stock of general thought. It is one of the chief tasks of education to combine the innate enthusiasms of mankind with the cold, unvarying laws of nature, so that the driving force of humanity shall not come up against a blank wall, but may push on ever further into the limitless possibilities that await realization. The danger of democratic control of education is that the average man may wish



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to impose on the next generation that idea of the universe which he finds comfortable, instead of trusting in truth. The remedy, of course, is the adoption of the principle of free speech and free teaching, a *régime* which gives truth the fullest chance of coming to the top.

Meanwhile, it is a comfort to reflect that Evolution is a fact; and that one inevitable result of its operations will be, sooner or later, the relegation of minds like those of Mr. Bryan and the Baptists of Kentucky to the interesting scrap-heap of extinct species.

The Dinosaurs, the Pterodactyls, and other remarkable Reptiles were once the dominant representatives of life on this earth. They did their best, no doubt, to withstand the early mammals, advance-guard of the new tide of evolving life; but they succumbed, and are far pleasanter to contemplate as museum specimens than they would be as living co-heirs of the globe's surface!

So, too, we may reasonably hope to see the mythological and anthropomorphic form of thought, which once, rightly and inevitably, was dominant, give place to its rightful and inevitable successor, the scientific (in the broad sense of that much-abused word) Meanwhile, Kentucky is their battleground.

J. S. HUXLEY.

Exhibitions of the Week.

Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colors, 5A, Pall Mall : Summer Exhibition.

Leicester Galleries : Shepperson Memorial Exhibition.

THERE is much good and some brilliant work at the R. W. S. Exhibition, but it is of especial interest as showing very clearly the various tendencies of modern English water-color. It is indeed commendably representative. Most observable is the growing influence and importance of such artists as Cecil King, Charles Gere, and D. Murray Smith. Their work is always distinguished by its careful, almost insistent, design. It is not always attractive: it strikes the eye as consciously austere and sometimes not a little chilly, but it is honest, and therefore an excellent influence. But to gain these results much has had to be sacrificed. It is liable to look a little poverty-stricken compared with the products of the rapid "attacking" style of Charles Sims, of which "Mother and Child" and "Sunlight" (Nos. 10 and 31) are excellent examples. Moreover, such work brings out the most peculiar capacities of the medium—a certain exhilarating lightness and speed that cannot be achieved so well by other means. The danger of the style is, of course, the dignification of the mere sketch and a collapse into weakness and sentimentality where the idea is not clearly grasped and swiftly carried through. Mr. Lindner's sea scenes, gay and attractive as they are, are by no means free from these dangers. But a strong vision and a quick hand can produce triumphant effects. Such method is particularly successful in portraiture, and it is disappointing to find that, with the exception of three brilliant works by M. Jules Simon (Nos. 220—222), there are few portraits. Mr. Munnings has four characteristic examples (Nos. 172, 178, 194, and 223), excellent examples of his gaiety and competence: and there is an astonishing Sargent—"Persian Ladies" (No. 5). Mr. Moira's "Regatta" (No. 113) is delicious, and Mr. Paterson's excellent pictures of Corsica will not be passed over.

The art of the late Claude Shepperson, in spite of its familiarity in the pages of "Punch," has not lost its peculiarly engaging charm. Indeed, with all its gracefulness and accomplishment there was a touch of the fantastic and unreal which made one linger over his drawing and pleased more than the immediate eye. His slim English ladies always looked a little shadowy, and he could impart an elvish appearance to a tall hat. Of humor he had really very little, and his larger adventures and sketches in landscapes are not particularly interesting, though he had a good, if slight, sense of color. But it is by the peculiar fragrance of his domestic interiors that he will be remembered.

E. S.

Forthcoming Meetings.

Sat. 8. Royal Institution, 3.—"Radio-activity," Lecture VI., Sir Ernest Rutherford.
 Sun. 9. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"Theories of Human Nature," Prof. Adams (of California).
 Mon. 10. Royal Geographical Society, 5.—Discussion on the Geology of the Mount Everest Region. Aristotelian Society, 8.—Discussion on Dr. McTaggart's "Nature of Existence." Surveyors' Institution, 8.—"The Experiences of a Divisional Officer (Timber Supply Department) during the War," Mr. H. A. Pritchard.
 Tues. 11. Royal Asiatic Society, 4.30.—"A Buddhist Pilgrim Shrine in China," Mr. W. P. Yetts. Royal Anthropological Institute, 8.15.—"The Paquecha of Ancient Peru," Capt. T. A. Joyce; "Notes on some Peruvian Antiquities," Miss A. C. Breton.
 Wed. 12. Geological Society, 5.30.—"On a Collection of Carboniferous Plants from Peru," Mr. A. C. Seward; "Oligocene Mosquitoes in the British Museum," Mr. F. W. Edwards. Elizabethan Literary Society (King's College), 7.—"Essex, Hamlet, and Sejanus," Miss L. Winstanley.

The Week's Books.

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader. Publishers named in parentheses are the London firms from whom books published in the country or abroad may be obtained.

LITERATURE.

De Ricci (Seymour). The Book-Collector's Guide: a Practical Handbook of British and American Bibliography. Philadelphia, Rosenbach Co., 1320 Walnut St.
 King (Georgiana Goddard). A Citizen of the Twilight: José Asunción Silva. The Play of the Sibyl Cassandra (Bryn Mawr Notes and Monographs). Longmans.
 Libre del Mar. Ajuntament de Barcelona, Comissió de Cultura.
 Mencken (M. L.). A Book of Prefaces. Cape, 7/6.
 O'Higgins (Harvey). From the Life: Imaginary Portraits of some Distinguished Men. Cape, 7/6.
 Seris (Homero). La Colección Cervantina de la Sociedad Hispánica de América: Ediciones de Don Quijote (Studies in Language and Literature). Illinois University, \$1.50.
 Stanoyevitch (Milivoj S.). Early Jugoslav Literature (1000-1800). New York, Columbia Univ. Press, \$1.75.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Alexander (Hartley Burr). Odes and Lyrics. Boston, Mass., Marshall Jones Co.
 Bloch (Stella). Dancing and the Drama, East and West. New York, Orientalia, 22, East 60th St.
 Collie (Maurice Stewart). Danse Macabre. Selwyn & Blount, 3/6.
 Gassol (Ventura). La Cançó del Vell Cabrés: poema dramàtic en tres actes. Barcelona, Altés, 3ptas.
 Haddon (Archibald). Green-Room Gossip. Stanley Paul, 6/-.
 Houghton (Claude). Judas: a Tragedy in Three Acts. Daniel, 3/6.
 *Kraljević (Marko). Ballads. Tr. by D. H. Low. Cambridge Univ. Press, 15/-.
 Laver (James). His Last Sebastian; and other Poems. Simpkin & Marshall.
 Malagarriga (Joan). Aurora: esparces amoroses. Barcelona, Artis, 1ptá.
 Newbolt (Sir Henry), ed. A Book of Verse. Chosen for Students at Home and Abroad. Bell, 2/6.
 *Stokes (F. W.). Tollkops on Dreams; and other Poems. Cambridge, Heffer.
 Trilussa. La Cose.—I Sonetti. Milan, Mondadori, 9 lire each.
 Zanetti (Celest). Through all the Seasons; and other Poems. Selwyn & Blount, 2/-.
 FICTION.

Brighouse (Harold). Hepplestall's. Chapman & Dodd, 25, Denmark St., W.C.2, 7/6.
 Conquest (Joan). The Hawk of Egypt. Werner Laurie, 7/6.
 Hammond (Hamilton). Chatter. Stanley Paul, 7/6.
 Hawes (Charles Boardman). The Great Quest. Heinemann, 7/6.
 Miller (Alice Duer). Manslaughter. Parsons, 7/6.
 Mordaunt (Elinor). Short Shipments. Hutchinson, 7/6.
 *Osbourne (Lloyd). Wild Justice: Stories of the South Seas. Il. Heinemann, 7/6.
 Stern (G. B.). The Room. Chapman & Hall, 7/6.
 Tippett (Mrs. Henry). Living Dust. Hale, 8/6.
 Wassermann (Jakob). Oberlins drei Stufen und Sturreganz (Der Wessendkreis, II. Band). Berlin, S. Fischer, 60m.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

García Sánchez (Federico). Color: sensaciones de Tánger y de Tetuán. Madrid, Atenea S.E., 4ptas.
 Seta (Alejandro de la). Rosalla en París. Il. Bilbao, Editorial Vasca, 5ptas.
 Tzau (Min-Ch'ien T. Z.). China Awakened. Il. Macmillan, 25/-.
 Volomakis (Michael D.). The Island of Roses and her Eleven Sisters; or, the Dodecanese. Introd. by Prof. J. L. Myres. Il. maps. Macmillan, 40/-.

BIOGRAPHY.

Bogbie (Harold). Shackleton: a Memory. Mills & Boon, 2/6.
 *Bigham (Hon. Clive). The Prime Ministers of Britain, 1721-1921. Pors. Murray, 21/-.
 *Brinckmeyer (Hermann). Hugo Stinnes. Tr. by A. B. Kuttner. New York, B. W. Huebsch, \$1.50.
 *Dark (Sidney). The Outline of H. G. Wells: the Superman in the Street. Parsons, 5/-.
 *Elliott (Sir Henry G.). Some Revolutions, and other Diplomatic Experiences. Murray, 16/-.
 Janni (Ettore). Memorie di Deputato. Milan, Mondadori, 9 lire.
 O'Hegarty (P. S.). A Short Memoir of Terence MacSwiney. Dublin, Talbot Press (Fisher Unwin), 2/6.
 *Repington (Lieut.-Col. Charles à Court). After the War, 1919-21. Constable, 21/-.

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